

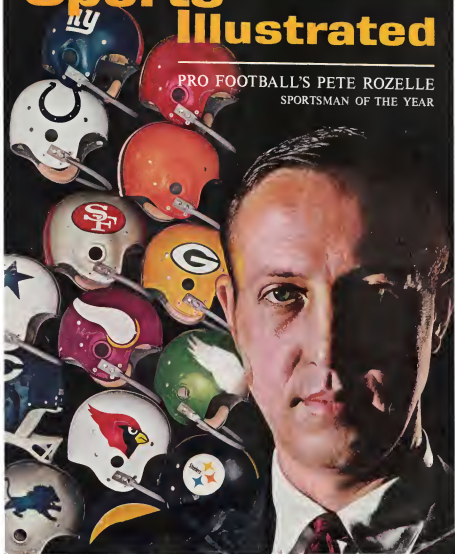
GIANTS vs. BEARS

CHAMPIONSHIP  
GAME REPORT

# Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 6, 1964 26 CENTS

PRO FOOTBALL'S PETE ROZELLE  
SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR



The crowd  
admires the  
man with style



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**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

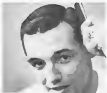
Talk things over, get things done... by Long Distance!



## HEADS UP PLAY

Dick Lynch (22), N. Y. Giants' defensive back, protects his team's lead as he blocks 35 yd. field-goal attempt by Eagles' Bobby Wabshan at Yankee Stadium, Nov. 20, 1963.

## HEADS UP LOOK



Dick Lynch knows what it takes to look good off the field, too. Greasy creams and oils plaster down his hair, pile up on his comb. None of that greasy kid stuff for him. Dick uses greaseless Vitalis. You can't see Vitalis, but what a job it does.



Another fine product of Bristol Myers

**VITALIS KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY WITHOUT GREASE**

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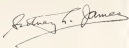
## Next week

**FABULOUS DOC KEARNS**, boxing's famous manager, completed his memoirs before he died, including his scandalous version of what happened in the Dempsey-Willard fight.

**THE WORLD CAPITAL** of winter golf was a desert 14 years ago. Exotic pages of color show the golfing wonder Palm Springs is now, and Gwilym S. Brown tells how it started.

**FOOTBALL'S BEST**—college division—was on display when Navy met Texas in the Cotton Bowl. John Underwood describes the showdown between the top two teams in the U.S.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



*Whether his achievement was over an extended period of time or only for an hour or for an instant, it was such that his fellowmen could not fail to recognize it as the revelation of pure excellence.*

It is with such a definition that we undertake each year the search for the individual most deserving of the title Sportsman of the Year and of the Grecian vase which symbolizes it. Since our first award, for the year 1954, the qualities of the men selected have refined and amplified the definition. And this year it is amplified again by the choice of NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle in a thesis (see page 22) which we submit with pleasure for the judgment of our readers.

This year's award is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 10th, and a proper time for looking back. Where are the Sportsmen of yesteryear and what have they been doing since?

Oregon State's flashing Terry Baker (year 1962) was a rookie quarterback this season with the Los Angeles Rams—and having customary new-boy trouble in the time he played: 11 out of 19 passes completed, four interceptions. Ohio State's Jerry Lucas (1961) has been a sensation for the Cincinnati Royals in shooting, rebounding and defense. Arnold Palmer (1960) banked a record \$128,230 in tournament money for the year, last week was resting up for this week's \$50,000 Los Angeles Open. Ingemar Johansson (1959), businessman citizen of Geneva, reiterated that he will not fight again, but had a nontitle event with Floyd Patterson

during a visit to Sweden (see page 46). Rafer Johnson (1958), a Los Angeles businessman today, cherishes his Olympic decathlon gold medal won in Rome in 1960, serves as West Coast director of the international People-to-People Sports Committee. Stan Musial (1957) closed out his 23rd year of major league baseball with a National League record of 3,630 hits—and a score of other records—and settled back to become a St. Louis Cardinal vice-president. Bobby Morrow of Texas Christian (1956), who sprinted to three gold medals in the Melbourne Olympics, is an Abilene salesman for an oil-well-equipment company; his exercise nowadays is on a stationary gymnasium bicycle. Johnny Podres (1955), winner of 100 more ball games since he stood the Yankees on their heads in the 1953 World Series, is looking forward to his 12th season as a Dodger. And Roger Bannister, the original four-minute miler, Sportsman of 1954?

He is Dr. Bannister now, consultant in neurology to two London hospitals, age 34 and father of four. Said Bannister last week, in the lounge of his home, where SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Grecian amphora is displayed over a bookcase: "Sport is judging what you can do, and what other people can do. Medicine is about that, too."

Exercise? A one-and-a-half-mile "trot" once a week around Hyde Park with his olderyoungsters. And, oh, yes, said Bannister with a gesture toward the clubs in the hallway: "Golf. A sign of the times—but I don't think I'm in the handicap class yet."



GOLFEN BANNISTER

## Sports Illustrated

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# SCORECARD

## SPECTER OVER EUROPE

Ford Motor Company confirmed last week what the motor sports world has long supposed: it is out to win the major international sports car races of 1964. Having dominated American stock car racing, stood Indianapolis car builders on their ears with the Lotus-Fords, blitzed Chevrolet's Corvettes on U.S. courses with the Shelby Cobras and, with Falcons, thrown a fright into foreign manufacturers who once had European rallies to themselves, Ford now proposes a head-on collision with Italy's conquering Ferrari sports cars.

We shall be cheering unashamedly for the Yankee upstarts; it is about time that this, the biggest automotive country of all, became a power rather than a nullity in world road racing.

We can expect to see the new Fords in combat no later than June in the renowned French 24-hour race at Le Mans. They might be ready to engage the glamorous Ferraris in all the so-called Big Four sports car races, beginning in March in our own Sebring 12-hour event and continuing with Sicily's Targa Florio in April and Germany's 1,000-kilometer grind on the Nürburgring in May. They will return for the North American fall season at Bridgehampton, Mosport (Canada), Kent, Riverside, Laguna Seca and Nassau.

Ford's weapon is a rear-engined closed two-seater, powered by the lightweight aluminum Indy engine, which now produces some 370 horsepower. Conceived in Dearborn, the racer has been put together in the English workshop of Eric Broadley, whose Lola sports car this one roughly parallels. It weighs about 1,900 pounds and will do 200 mph.

## BULL MARKET FOR BEEF

This is the season when the wallets of millionaire owners of pro football clubs grow thinner as drafted college seniors choose between offers from the rival leagues. The competition has been hot this year. Bud Adams, Houston Oilers owner, gloomily foresees the day of the \$50,000 tackle.

Consider the contract the Oilers awarded Baylor University's Don Trull, college football's national passing champion. It provided a \$30,000 bonus and an uncuttable salary of more than \$20,000 a year for three years. There is also a contract Owner Adams has promised to give to a Houston advertising-novelty firm, whose newest sales representative is a fellow named Don Trull. This will guarantee Trull thousands of dollars in commissions for the next several years.

Adams' chief talent scout, John Breen, was discussing the high price of college beef with Pete Finney, *New Orleans States-Item* sportswriter, and said he had offered \$40,000 and a Lincoln Continental to Bill Truax, Louisiana State end drafted by the Cleveland Browns.

"His father is handling negotiations," Breen said, "and he told me, 'You're not even close.'"

"You ought to wait for Truax's little brother," the writer suggested. "He's 14, weighs 210 and stands 6 feet 3. His name is Jesse James."

"His old man," said Breen, "ought to be named Jesse James."

## TROPHY STROPHE

When Roger Staubach received the Heisman Trophy, the Navy quarterback spoke of his gratitude to his teammates and said he wished the trophy could be broken into 44 pieces and a chunk given to every player on the squad. Something like that is about to happen. Coach Wayne Hardin has ordered a replica of the trophy, and it will be so broken and so distributed.

## SWEET SCIENCE MAN

The easily discernible figure of A. J. Liebling, commonly seen at all big prize-fights, will be at ringside no more. He died in New York last week at the age of 59. Joe Liebling was devoted to the vagaries of what his 19th century predecessor, Pierce Egan, called "the sweet science" of the prize ring, and he wrote about it entertainingly and understandingly. He wrote mostly for *The New Yorker*, but on one memorable occa-

sion he contributed a notable study of *The University of Eighth Avenue* (Stillman's Gym) to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Dec. 5 & 12, 1955). Liebling also was a moderately dedicated horseplayer, both here and abroad, and was as much of an expert on food and wines as he was on boxing.

Despite the handicaps of a more than portly physique, nearsightedness and gout, Liebling covered his world energetically and with fine, clear vision. His comments on the daily press, including its sports pages, were a distinguished contribution to the criticism of journalism. We shall miss him.

## NEW SOUND FOR FIDO

The theory that dogs hear sounds beyond the range of the human ear is widely accepted, despite an equally prevalent countertheory that dogs hear only what they choose to hear. Now the ultrahigh-frequency idea, first applied in "silent" dog whistles, is being used in dog collars. There is a dog-training collar on the market (Turen, Inc., Danvers, Mass., \$6.50) that looks very much like an old-fashioned choke collar, but with a difference. Twitch it and it gives off that high-pitched sound. Combine the twitch with a command like "Come" and in time, it is said, you have only to carry the collar in your hand, twitch it, and



the dog will come. The instruction booklet that accompanies the collar was written in Airedale and seems to have been edited by a dachshund, but humans will find it reasonably clear.

## COLD DOPE ON HOT RACES

Even at this early date in 1964, with trades yet to be made that could change the situation drastically, the best minds



of Harrah's Race Book at Lake Tahoe have been figuring the probabilities of the 1964 major league pennant races.

They have come up with the Los Angeles Dodgers (3 to 5) and New York Yankees (1 to 3) to win again, the Dodgers because of their pitching and improved hitting, the Yankees on their record and lack of competition.

In the National League you can get 2½ to 1 against San Francisco, 6 to 1 against St. Louis. Although no odds have yet been set. Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Houston and New York follow in that order.

Minnesota, at 5 to 1, is second choice in the American League, but the same odds apply to Detroit, picked third. Thereafter, again with no odds set, should come Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore, Boston, Los Angeles, Kansas City and Washington.

There is a hunch around Harrah's that Minnesota, with its home run strength, could make some advantageous trades for pitching and emerge "real tough."

#### COMMONSENSE COMMISSION

Long proud of its admirable record in protecting prizefighters and their fans, the California boxing commission was stunned last March by the ring death of Davey Moore, world featherweight champion, in a freak boxing accident in Los Angeles. Moore died of a whiplash injury, rather than a blow. Hit by Sugar Ramos, he fell backward and the base of his skull collided with a rubber-covered steel rope. The autopsy surgeon called it a "one in a million accident"—something that could happen on your front porch if you fell down."

It happened in a prize ring, not on a porch, and there was worldwide protest against the sport itself. Many called for boxing's abolition. More moderate extremists urged drastic changes in its conduct: two-minute rounds, pneumatic gloves, compulsory headgear—none of which could have saved Davey Moore.

Dismayed, but not panicked, the California commission has since prepared a special report on ring safety measures for Governor Pat Brown and the legislature. The report is a model of good sense. It recommends, among other things, changes in ring padding, ropes, weight of gloves, mouthpiece regulations, physical examinations and the referee's conduct of a match, but it makes no concessions to hysteria. Just one example of the commission's cool appraisal of the realities of prizefighting.

*continued*



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"The Commission is opposed to automatically stopping a bout after any particular number of knockdowns. It is felt that it is better that the referee be instructed that he stop the contest whenever . . . it should be stopped and not wait for any definite number of knockdowns. The so-called three-knockdown rule and especially the two-knockdown rule has a tendency to encourage the referee to wait for just one more knockdown; then he knows no one will blame him for stopping the contest."

Other state commissions, equally besieged, might well study the California report.

#### TOKYO LONG SHOT

Poing an unpraised ice at the 1964 Olympic shotput, Dallas Long is working with a new plastic-covered shot which he believes will make him a more difficult indoor competitor, too. To preserve gym floors against the hammering of the 16-pound ball, the indoor shot has long been leather-covered and bulky. The new one, designed for indoor use, is the same size as the outdoor shot and gives the athlete the same grip he uses in the open. For the past few months Long, who tops the alltime list at 65 feet 10½ inches, has been working out three times a week. The goal: 70 feet.

#### STICK BOOM

When hockey players were entirely dependent on the weather, and the season might not get under way before Christmas, a Canadian could get along with one or two hockey sticks a year. But now, with artificial ice, any active Canadian boy can be counted on to go through a dozen sticks each winter. So can hockey players in France, Japan and even in warmer climates—a matter of intense interest to Canada's hockey-stick manufacturers, whose export business has jumped 50% or more in this past year.

The Dominion's Bureau of Statistics reports the gratifying fact that Finland, which bought only \$342 worth of sticks in the first nine months of last year, bought 2,111 dozen sticks in the corresponding period this year for \$22,050. Korea, which did not buy a single stick last year, got off to a promising start in hockey in the first nine months of 1963 by buying 21 dozen sticks for \$418. For that matter, exports to the U.S. jumped from 24,083 dozen sticks to 32,508 dozen (\$275,699 worth) partly

because of the expansion of rinks as far south as California.

A National Hockey League team uses about 250 dozen sticks a season. A single player may account for 15 dozen. That may seem like a lot of sticks to break, but as many are broken in practice as in games, and players often return sticks that are scarcely damaged. Canada's hockey-stick makers, naturally, encourage this sort of finicky behavior. And no wonder—they have turned out about 5 million sticks this year, compared to a little more than 3 million in 1959.

#### OH, GIVE ME A HOME

The unrest and uncertainty that for three years have surrounded the American League baseball franchise in Kansas City last week reached its most ludicrous plateau. Charles O. Finley, owner of the A's, once again got into a public argument about his lease of city-owned Municipal Stadium. He started to move his offices from the stadium, accepted a bank's offer (later withdrawn) of 8,000 square feet of office space—free of charge—and sent General Manager Pat Friday out to find a flat, open field on which the A's might play in 1964.

Flat, open fields with lights and seating capacities of 32,000 are difficult to discover these days. Finley will end up in Municipal Stadium next season, but that is hardly the point. The point is Finley himself and his relations with baseball. He has recently 1) called the Rules Committee "a pack of simple-minded fools" because it did not adopt a Finley proposal allowing him to use orange balls and green-and-gold bats and 2) suggested that the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown either be abolished or moved—no one is quite certain which. "Another thing I don't like," he said, "is the Hall of Fame. Where do they put it? In Cooperstown, New York. I don't even know where it is. That's some wonderful location!"

Baseball is in enough trouble with its image of greed and its lust for free stadiums built at public cost. Before any further damage is done by Finley it is time for Ford Frick, who accepts \$65,000 a year as Commissioner of Baseball, to talk to the man. He might even invite Finley to Cooperstown, a fine place to begin learning about baseball.

#### THE MASTER

The first cricketer ever to be knighted was Sir Jack Hobbes, who died at the age of 81 at his home in Sussex, England a

few days before Christmas. The knighting was only one of his many records. From 1905 to 1934, when he retired, the man cricketers called The Master scored 61,237 runs. A roughly equivalent accomplishment in baseball terms would amount to a lifetime batting average of better than .360, which only Ty Cobb accomplished.

In cricket a century consists of scoring 100 runs in a single game. Sir Jack made the century 197 times. In 1926 Hobbs and his partner, the great Herbert Sutcliffe, between them beat the Australian team in a victory that secured for England, after 14 years, The Ashes, symbol of cricket supremacy between the two nations.

Herbert Sutcliffe, on learning of the death of his friend and partner, paid this tribute to his skill: "Every stroke was a technical masterpiece; feet, body, shoulders, wrists and fingers working in perfect unison, the whole controlled by a keenly alert brain which enabled him to make a speedy decision against all fast bowlers." Britons also commented on Sir Jack Hobbs's gentle and modest character. He was noted not only as the best batsman of all time, but for his sportsmanship, integrity and good humor. Brian Glanville, British sports-writer and novelist, called him "a hero without even a toe of clay," and the cricket world from London to Melbourne concurs.

#### IT'S A DIFFERENT GAME

At Forest Hills and Wimbledon, Althea Gibson won hearts and tournaments, then stepped out of tennis and into golf. She scored well in amateur tournaments of regional scope, decided to join the Ladies Professional Golf Association and play for money. At the close of 1963 the name of Althea Gibson was among the money winners. She was 57th in the list of 69, had played in six events, had won no official money but took \$8 in unofficial money and that was just \$34,019 50 behind Mickey Wright.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Barry Latman, newest Los Angeles Angel: "I'm the greatest 60-foot pitcher in baseball. If I can conquer those last six inches, I'll be on my way."
- Bob Devaney, football coach, on why he rejected the warm Miami U. coaching job to stay in cold Nebraska: "My wife's the thrifty type; she had just bought a new pair of snow tires and they wouldn't refund her money."

END



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\*Patent applied for





**Sports  
Illustrated**

JANUARY 9, 1961

# THE BEARS UPEND THE GIANTS

Stunning favored New York with its brutal tackling (hero Larry Morris stops Fullback Joe Morrison, left) and airtight pass defense, Chicago takes its first NFL title in 17 years

CONTINUED

BY LEO



## A DEFENSIVE WALL OF ICE ON AN ICY FIELD

by TEX MAULE

In the gelid confines of Wrigley Field, the Chicago Bears beat the New York Giants and won the championship of the National Football League with an absolute minimum of offensive effort. As they have done so many times this year—11 before this icy afternoon—the Bears defeated a good team purely on defensive brio. They gained only 93 yards through the Giant line, and Bill Wade, a tall, crane-like quarterback who has been criticized all year for the ultra conservatism of his attack, completed only 10 of 28 passes for a mere 129 yards.

But the few yards the Bears gained were accumulated at the proper times—after interceptions had set up scoring opportunities—and they provided the Chicago team with a 14-10 victory. Fittingly enough, after the game the Bear squad presented the game ball to George Allen, its young and brilliant defensive coach. The remarkably alert and often devastating Bear defense completely stifled the passes of Yelberton Abraham Tittle: more than that, the Bear defense was the team's best offense. Five times Bear defenders picked off Tittle passes, and the two interceptions that set up the Chicago touchdowns came on the play for which Tittle is known best and the pass he throws most deftly—the screen pass.

The Bears scored their first touchdown after Chicago Linebacker Larry Morris intercepted a screen pass intended for Phil King and returned it down the sideline 61 yards to the New York five-yard line. This interception was not truly Tittle's fault: King had flustered out his pass route too much, giving the corner linebacker the opportunity to play him closer than usual.

The second Bear touchdown followed an interception of another screen pass by Ed O'Bradovich. The Bears, who spent the two weeks of preparation for this game in an intensive study of Giant movies, had been well prepared to negate the screen. They varied the responsibility for the screen pass: when a line-

backer rushed, an end or a tackle would drop off into the area of the screen pass with a primary assignment of looking for the little, looping pass that Tittle throws so well.

"We were taught to read screen when Tittle set up, then dropped back another two or three yards," O'Bradovich said. "On the pass I intercepted I was coming in hard, and Jack Stroud was blocking me. Stroud released much more quickly than he normally does, and I looked for Tittle to see if he had backed off from where he usually throws and he had, so I left Stroud and went out looking for the screen pass. He threw it, and I lifted my right arm and hit the ball, and it came down where I could catch it. Tittle acted real well, but he acted just the way we know he acts when he's going to throw the screen."

The real key to the Bear victory was this kind of meticulous preparation against the Giant offense. Allen used a five-man line often—almost 90% of the time, in fact. The Bears have used this defense off and on all season, but their use of it in almost all situations on this afternoon came as something of a surprise to the Giants and destroyed the precision of the blocking. More important, the five-man line gave the Bears a very strong rush on Tittle.

The Bear line seldom threw Tittle for a loss, but they got to him hard as he threw the ball, and the battering he took finally told. He was hurt in the first quarter when he threw a 14-yard pass to Gifford for a touchdown a split second before he was hit by Larry Morris, who had blitzed from his corner linebacker spot. As Tittle left the field after that play, he felt a slight twinge in his left knee, and when he reached the sideline he told Coach Albie Sherman that he had hurt the knee.

"I'll walk around on it for a while and see how it feels," he said. "I think it will be all right."

It was all right until late in the second quarter. With a little more than six minutes to play in the half and the Giants driving, Tittle dropped back to pass, stumbled on the hard turf and fell just as he released the ball. Morris, coming in

hard, fell on the Giant quarterback and hit his bad knee again, and Tittle felt a snap. He was barely able to get off the field this time.

He played no more in the first half, and it was only because he insisted that he was allowed to play in the second half. But the bad left leg proved an insurmountable handicap to him and to the Giants. He could not retreat to his passing position as quickly as usual, and the Bears, seeing this, blitzed more in the second half, forcing him to hurry his passes. Even when he got back quickly enough and was protected, his passes were inaccurate, because he was throwing off his right leg alone instead of stepping into the pass as a quarterback should.

"He was great on one leg," Sherman said after the game. "I want to make one thing clear. All the writers who had said that Y. A. Tittle does not win the big game don't understand football and don't understand this great athlete, who is the only man around who could have played in the second half with a leg like that. He has won more big games than any quarterback. I know, because for three years we have been in more big games than any other team."

Tittle's injury was only one of the misfortunes that bedeviled the Giants in this game. They lost Tom Scott, who broke his arm in the first quarter, and in the second quarter Phil King was out with a sprained ankle, Boobie Bolin, whose strong blocking had contributed to a surprisingly authoritative running game in the first half, was injured and replaced by a virtual rookie, Ken Byers.

So the Giants had to play for the championship without the full-time help of four of their first-line players. It is remarkable that they stayed as close to the Bears as they did.

"I'm not alibing because of the injuries," Sherman said after the game. "Any writer who says I am is misquoting me. We lost to a Chicago team which played the game it had to play. The injuries did not make the difference."

"We run better than most people give us credit for," Sherman added in the course of this oddly defensive interview.

continued

JAMES BRADY

*Bear Quarterback Bill Wade runs for valuable yards on one of his surprising keeper plays.*



LEE BALTENSKY

Exploiting a brilliant catch, Chicago Linebacker Larry Morris lumbers along

#### NFL CHAMPIONSHIP *continued*

Indeed, the Giants did run well during the first half, sending Morrison and King (while he was healthy) and Webster over the Bear tackles for good gains time and again. Fred Williams, the Bear tackle, was the victim on most of these runs as Greg Larson, the Giant center, blocked him in time and again to open cracks in the Bear line.

In the second half Williams moved a little wider so that it was impossible for Larson to reach him; and this small adjustment cut off the inside route that

Tittle had exploited in the first half.

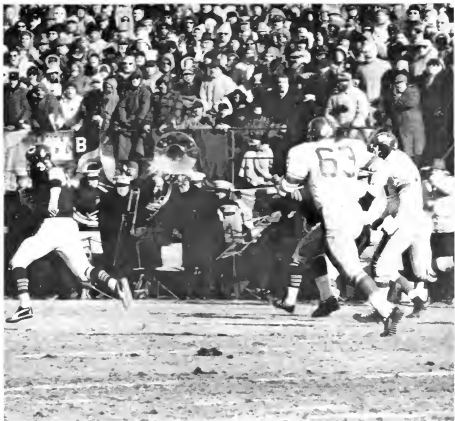
The Giants had never been able to run wide against the two strong Bear ends and against two of the best corner linebackers in football—Larry Morris and Joe Fortunato. In the second half, with the middle closed, the flanks impregnable and Tittle unable to throw competently, the Giant offense was reduced to almost a zero. They had gained 70 yards on the ground in the first half; in the second they could gain only 58. On two sound legs Tittle had one interception in the first half, in the second, off balance, he had four.

Wade, a strong long passer and a good short passer, stuck absolutely to the Chicago game plan—something he has not always done in years past. He threw short passes and used Joe Marconi and Ronnie Bull in slashes at the line to maintain ball control and did this well enough so that the Bears dominated the second half.

Wade himself made the longest run of the Bear offense—12 yards on a broken pass pattern. Their longest passing gain was 34 yards to Marconi, when Wade put pressure on Linebacker Tom Scott's replacement, Al Gursky.

Wade probed the Giant corner line-





*the sideline as he nears the end of a 61-yard rush with an intercepted screen pass, one of two such interceptions leading to the Bears' scores*

backers often early in the game but, surprisingly, he gave up on this most successful play about halfway through the third quarter and never returned to it. The Giants had made no adjustment—there was no adjustment they could make with a rookie at each corner. They could not commit an end or a corner back to help the linebackers, because they needed their secondary and their line to limit the Bear offense to even smaller gains than the Bears managed. Yet the pattern of the 34-yard pass gain to Marconi, at the expense of Gursky, was not repeated by Wade.

Although the Giants might have won had Tittle not been hurt, the feeling of the Bears after the game was not one of strong respect for the Giant team. Mike Ditka, the bulky, broad and good tight end for the Bears, was critical in his assessment.

"They are not as good a team as the Green Bay Packers," he said. "The Packers can do more things to you. And the Packer defense seems better to me. The guy covering me today did a good job. Who is he? Pesonen? He's real good, good speed. But there were times when I was out there and had him beat, and the

ball didn't get to me. I think the Packers are a better team."

In the small room off the dressing room beneath the stands at Wrigley Field where the Bear coaches retire to commune with themselves before they talk to the press, George Halas was almost in tears. "No game has meant as much to me as this one since we beat Washington 73-0," he said. "I've waited a long time. I don't know what to say about it. It's too much."

George Allen, cradling the game ball in his arms, grinned and shook his head. "I got the ball after we beat Philadel-

*continued*



phia," he said. "Larry Morris got the car this time for being the game's best player. I wouldn't trade him this ball for his car."

It was, for spectators generally and for Giant fans in particular, a bitter day. The temperature was 11° when the game started, and it slipped to 6° before the end. The experts who had said that Tittle would not be able to throw in cold weather were wrong; while he had two legs under him he threw well. His receivers now and then dropped passes they might have held under more pleasant climatic conditions.

Maybe it was fated for George Halas to win. He is 68 years old, and there was a strong tide of sentiment for him and the Bears across the entire U.S. This Bear team, all season long, has been lucky. A team with so unimaginative an offense has to be lucky. After the game Bill Wade looked more beat up than did Tittle. Both his elbows were bleeding, and a quarterback does not have wounds on his elbows unless he has been knocked on his back.

Wade was knocked down often. But on this afternoon, subjected to the most pressure he has ever had to work under in his long career in pro football, Wade—who has had the reputation of never winning a big game—won the biggest game of all. He won it with grace and aplomb. But it is a sad fact of Bill Wade's life that he will not get too much credit for this Bear championship; most of the heroics on the Bear team were performed by the defense.

One Giant player said something that many players have thought about Wade, and he said it unhappily. "Wade can't score on you if he gets the ball far enough away from the goal line so that he has to make a first down before he goes in. If the defense doesn't give him the ball on the five, he's dead."

That is not exactly true. Furthermore, not every quarterback does go in when he is given the ball close to the goal—Wade did it twice last Sunday. No, Bill Wade is a fine quarterback. You don't win championships in the National Football League with anything but fine quarterbacks.

But a defense can help.

END

*At left a proud old pro cries on the Giant bench, and at right an equally proud old pro laughs. They are Y. A. Tittle and George Halas.*



# HIGH TIME FOR A U.S. VICTORY

The soft light of an Australian summer evening had fallen over center court at Memorial Drive Stadium in Adelaide as Chuck McKinley of St. Louis prepared to serve. "I have always wanted to represent my country in the final match of a Davis Cup and win the decid-

ing point," McKinley once said. In Adelaide last week he got his chance. With the score between Australia and the U.S. tied at 2-2, McKinley faced 19-year-old John Newcombe of Sydney in the final match. For more than an hour McKinley was in trouble. He lost the

first set, won the second but fell behind in the third 4-2. Newcombe faltered, and McKinley regained control of his game. He won the set and ran up a comfortable lead in the fourth. Now in the half-light of Memorial Drive Stadium he served to Newcombe and then volleyed sharply to

DAVID WHITE

*Leaping high in the air, Dennis Ralston hits a*



The U.S. regained the Davis Cup last week in Adelaide when the volatile team of Dennis Ralston and Chuck McKinley, guided by the patient handling of Captain Bob Kelleher, beat Australia 3-2 by WHITNEY TOWER

his opponent's feet. Newcombe could not return it, and the match was over. For the first time since 1938 the U.S. had won the Davis Cup.

With the final point McKinley let out a wild whoop and leaped over the net in classic style. The first man to reach him

was Dennis Ralston, his doubles partner and himself a winner over Newcombe. Ralston, along with the other members of the U.S. team—Frank Froehling, Marty Riessen and Gene Scott—hoisted McKinley high on their shoulders and marched triumphantly to the locker

room, followed by a jubilant Bob Kelleher, the Davis Cup team captain.

Waiting for them were a squad of tennis officials, newsmen and Ambassador William Battle, who had had the foresight to bring along four bottles of German champagne. Somebody juggled in

*continued*

*spectacular running forward during his opening-day singles match with John Newcombe. Ralston won in five sets to give the U.S. a 1-0 lead.*



the Davis Cup and dumped it in an old wicker chair. The phone rang—a man in Los Angeles was offering congratulations. The champagne was opened, and nearly everyone made a speech. It was noisy and confusing and delightful. Dennis Ralston enjoyed it. Chuck McKinley enjoyed it. But no one enjoyed it half as much as Bob Kelleher.

Bob Kelleher has been captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team for two years, and for two years he has had the unenviable task of nursing the powder-keg temperaments of this country's two leading players, Ralston and McKinley. When Ralston starts to blow up, Kelleher rushes in to smother the explosion. When someone says McKinley is spoiled, Kelleher argues that he is misunderstood. It is not an easy job.

"I have to be a combination travel agent, ambassador, public relations man, booking agent, coach, locker-room custodian and father confessor," Kelleher says. "I count towels, get ice water, make speeches, conduct interviews and act as a buffer between my players and a sometimes controversial press. But, all in all, it's been fun."

Kelleher is 50, a tall, distinguished-looking man with a shock of curly black hair that is just beginning to turn gray at the temples. He is a lawyer from Los Angeles, but lately he has not been able to devote much time to that job. "My law practice is gathering dust," he says. "You either have to have a potful of money or be a complete idiot to take this job."

Kelleher's first year as captain, 1962, was a disaster. The team lost to Mexico in the American Zone final. It was the third straight time the U.S. had failed to reach the Challenge Round. "I was heartick," says Kelleher.

This year the team beat Mexico easily, then England and India. In November, Kelleher took his boys to Australia and after letting them tune up their games in a few tournaments he brought them to Adelaide to begin serious training for the Challenge Round. And almost immediately Bob Kelleher found himself hard at work.

First there was the Gonzalez-Ralston incident. Because he is by his own admission an administrator, not a tennis pro, Kelleher hired Pancho Gonzalez to help get the team ready. "Pancho isn't there to give them lessons," Kelleher declared. "If they needed lessons they

wouldn't be in Australia." What Gonzalez did do was discuss tactics with the team and play matches against them—tough, competitive matches.

It was on such an occasion that the incident occurred. Gonzalez had beaten Ralston in one set, but Ralston had taken a 5-1 lead in the second. Suddenly Gonzalez stalked off the court growling, "Get someone else to play with you." Later he said, "I get tired of these guys whining when they lose." The Australian press, hungry for action, pressed forward, but they were met by a smiling Bob Kelleher. "Dennis and Pancho are the best of friends," Kelleher explained. "They have had these flare-ups before and probably will again." No one is certain whether Kelleher spoke to the two men that night but, sure enough, the next day Gonzalez and Ralston were back on the same court, laughing and joking just like the good friends Kelleher insisted they were.

No sooner had Kelleher disposed of that problem than he was handed a column from a Sydney newspaper. "Irrespective of the [Davis Cup] result," said the columnist, "the Americans came as stinkers and go as stinkers, the most unpopular set of sportsmen that ever insulted their way from Mexico to Delhi." Faced with an explosive situation and a group of newsmen waiting to report his reply, Kelleher noted merely that, as far as he could recall, the team had never been to Delhi. Dennis Ralston cut the column out of the paper and posted it to his locker wall. "This doesn't make us mad," he said. "Really. But it does make us want to win all the more."

Toward that end, Ralston and McKinley, the two players on the team who were obviously going to represent the U.S., worked long hours every day. At night they listened to Gonzalez and Kelleher talk about strategy and confidence. McKinley didn't need the confidence lecture. "I think I'm playing better now than I did when I won at Wimbledon," he said matter-of-factly two days before the Challenge Round began. His back, which he had injured six weeks before, felt fine, he insisted.

Ralston, too, seemed rid of his problem. "Everyone knows I've always had trouble controlling my temper, largely because I've always let my mind wander when I'm on the court. Now when I play tennis all I think about is tennis." Ralston reached a personal crossroads in England last September when Kelle-

her chose Frank Froehling to play singles in his place. Ralston stewed and fretted and considered returning home. Finally he came to grips with himself, went up to Kelleher and told him he would be happy to warm up Froehling before his match. Ralston has been a better player ever since.

If Kelleher had his problems in Australia, so did his counterpart, Harry Hopman, coach of the Australian Davis Cup team. Hopman had, essentially, no team. There was Roy Emerson, if not as good as last year, still very good and undefeated in four years of Davis Cup competition. But to pair with "Emmo," as Hopman calls him, there were only a retired star, a teen-ager and a mediocrity. Hopman had talked Neale Fraser, now 30, out of 10 months' retirement, and Fraser had worked hard. But as the Challenge Round drew near it was clear that he was not ready for singles. That left Fred Stolle, a fair-to-middling player, and the youthful John Newcombe, Hopman finally chose Newcombe.

"I needed him more than usual in practice to see how he came up under pressure," said the crafty Hopman. "We finally picked him not only because he has confidence but because his condition was so much better than Fraser's. I think we'll win 4-1. Emmo will win both singles and the doubles, and it will be the last time Newcombe plays if he doesn't win one match." Hopman said this with a smile, and Australian newsmen pointed out that Hopman only smiles when he is in trouble.

The first two matches were played on the day after Christmas before an overflow crowd of 7,200. It was a beautiful day, with a clear blue sky overhead and the temperature in the 70s. After a blue-uniformed band played *God Save the Queen* and *The Star-Spangled Banner* a small army of judges, linesmen and ball boys marched stiffly to their positions. Behind them came Dennis Ralston, 21, and John Newcombe, 19, referred to after introductions as the United States and Australia.

Understandably, both players were nervous at the start, but Ralston recovered quickly and won the first two sets. But in the third set Newcombe began hitting the ball with his full power, and, pulling off three dazzling shots against Ralston's serve, broke through and won the set. When he also won the fourth set, Ralston plopped himself

down in a chair beside Bob Kelleher and groaned: "If I don't win this match I won't dare go home to Bakersfield." Kelleher grinned, patted him on the back and sent him out for the most important set of his life.

Ralston was leading in the final set 4-3 when Newcombe double-faulted at ad out to make the score 5-3. Three quick points, and Ralston was on the brink of victory. Incredibly, Newcombe rallied, fought off the three match points and won the game and the next one. Now it was 5-5. Here Ralston might well have folded, but he held his serve and brought the next game to duce. Newcombe double-faulted. Match point again. Newcombe served, and Ralston whistled a backhand down the line for a winner. It was a shaky victory for the U.S., but a victory nonetheless.

A few hours later Australia had tied the score 1-1. Roy Emerson, playing very well, beat McKinley in four sets. This was the first competitive singles McKinley had played in more than a month, because of his back injury, and he looked rusty. Yet Emerson was so good, he might have won anyway. McKinley had one chance. With sets tied at one apiece, McKinley took a 5-3 lead in the third. But Emerson rallied and was in control thereafter.

The next day the temperature soared to the 90s as McKinley and Ralston took the court against Emerson and the reactivated Fraser. It was apparent almost from the start that Fraser's timing was off, and the Americans attacked him relentlessly. Only Emerson's brilliant play kept the Australians in the match. McKinley and Ralston won in four sets to give the U.S. a 2-1 lead. "I think I might have been asking too much from Neale," said a disappointed Hopman. "He was not ready." And then: "Obviously my 4-1 prediction is out, but I still think we'll retain the cup." Answered Bob Kelleher: "I agree with Hoppie's 4-1 prediction, but I can't recall which side he said would win."

On the final day Emerson completed a marvelous Challenge Round by dusting off Ralston in four sets. That evened the score at 2-2 and put the pressure on the McKinley-Newcombe match.

Three days before, when the draw was

made, Captain Kelleher said that if the score were tied after four matches he liked the idea of having McKinley play young Newcombe in the decisive final match. Now as he watched from his chair a few feet behind the umpire's stand, Kelleher was not so sure. Newcombe won a long first set 12-10, lost the second but took a 4-2 lead in the third. Serving, he won the first two points and seemed in command.

But that was as close as Australia came to keeping the Davis Cup. In a sudden reversal of form, Newcombe lost four straight points, double-faulting on the

final point to give McKinley the game. McKinley won the set and ran out the match easily.

It was not the most decisive of Davis Cup victories, but no one was complaining. Within hours of the final match the cup itself was on a plane for San Francisco, and along with it came Captain Bob Kelleher and most of his boys. In just eight months the U.S. would have to defend the cup, presumably against Australia, and it was not too soon to start getting ready. It looked as if the Kelleher law practice would be gathering more dust.

END



Performing his multiple job as captain, Bob Kelleher assists McKinley after surgery loss.





*In May of 1954 a slender, pale-skinned Oxford medical student ran a foot race for the ages. Three months later this magazine was born, in time to honor Great Britain's Roger Bannister, the first four-minute miler, as its first Sportsman of the Year. Eight other athletes of surpassing excellence have since received Sports Illustrated's award.*

*This year we depart from tradition and name not an athlete but an executive as the Sportsman of 1963: Alvin Ray (Pete) Rozelle, commissioner of the National Football League. In the year of its most alarming crisis, Rozelle decisively and brilliantly guided a great and growing sport. He bucked the almost universal trend in professional sport by emerging as a strong commissioner—making vigorous decisions, not all of them popular, and proving that he could act independently of the owners who hired him. It is in salute to the sporting phenomenon of our time—professional football—as well as to Rozelle himself that we make this award.*



# SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

BY KENNETH RUDEEN

It is the wonder of American sport. On that icy day a little over a year ago when the Green Bay Packers collided with the New York Giants in Yankee Stadium there obviously was no stopping professional football's intoxicating leap upward. In what other sport of major rank could a small town like Green Bay (population 65,000) oppose a great city for the championship—and win? Had not the 14 National Football League teams played to a record 4 million spectators, and on certain rich Sundays kept another 30 million clustered before television sets? Whose heart did not beat faster to the impact of linemen big as cathedrals, to the aerial marvels of Y. A. Tittle and Johnny Unitas, to the incredible running of Jimmy Brown and Jim Taylor?

But only a week after Green Bay struck its blow for small

towns everywhere professional football was in trouble. The first hint of scandal came from Chicago, and then for 102 days rumors of fix and other folly flamed across the land. Impatient men condemned Pete Rozelle, the NFL's young commissioner (see cover), for his pleasant but stubborn refusal to speak until the evidence was in. The more reckless insinuated whitewash, the least knowing dubbed him "amiable mouse" and "child czar."

On the 103rd day, Pete Rozelle awoke at 5 a.m. after a restless night. He knew that the responsibility for stopping the scandal was his alone, a responsibility that would have been a massive burden even for an Olympian presence like the late baseball commissioner, Kenesaw Landis. It was much more so for a man just turned 37, without

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public prestige, who three years before—in an atmosphere of stalemate and despair—had been elected as a compromise choice to succeed the NFL's able and much-respected Bert Bell.

Rozelle had made up his mind. He dressed, drank some orange juice in the kitchen of his apartment on the fashionable New York street called Sutton Place and then, seated at a window, watched the sun come up over the warren of buildings across the East River. At 7 o'clock, saying goodbye to his wife Jane and 5-year-old daughter, Ann Marie, he started walking the 11 blocks across town to NFL headquarters in Rockefeller Center.

Rozelle's staff assembled that April morning with unusual solemnity. In his large, rather plain corner office on the 23rd floor of the General Dynamics Building, the commissioner typed a message to member teams. Next he phoned some bad news to the game's greatest star, Paul Hornung, the "golden boy" halfback of the Green Bay Packers, who was in Louisville. A similar phone call brought the same message to an All-League defensive tackle, Alex Karras, anchor of the Detroit Lions.

At 1:30 teletype machines flushed Rozelle's communiqué to the league. At 2, standing tall and slender, clothed in conservative blue, he broke the story to newsmen gathered in his office. Hornung and Karras were suspended indefinitely for betting on football games—Hornung for placing bets of \$100 to \$500 on NFL and college games from 1959 through 1961, Karras for making six "significant" bets (\$50 to \$100) on NFL games since 1958. Five other Detroit players were fined \$2,000 each for betting on the Green Bay-New York championship game; the Detroit club itself was fined \$4,000 because Coach George Wilson ignored a police tip that some players had been seen with undesirable characters and because he let outsiders view games from the players' bench.

"Rozelle did nothing to cushion the impact," wrote *The New York Times's* sports columnist, Arthur Daley. "He let it crash."

In that decision of wise severity Rozelle demonstrated strength, courage and his belief that the league's integrity was first among its possessions. By refusing to act prematurely, he displayed fortitude under extraordinary pressure. By then announcing that there was "no evidence that any NFL player has given less than his best in playing any game" and that there was "no evidence that any player has ever bet against his own team" or "sold information to gamblers" he asked the public to believe, with him, in the game's essential honesty.

The public so believed; editorial voices, including most of those that had previously censured Rozelle, now spoke relieved praise. The game survived and grew. In the season just past, the NFL set fresh attendance records and the men on the field again displayed those qualities of furious attack and defense, strategy and surprise that have made them the newest superheroes of sports.

"Pete Rozelle's handling of the investigations," says Texas Schramm, the general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, "was the thing that made everybody accept him as commissioner and no longer a boy playing the part. He

gained once and for all everybody's complete respect."

"He is," says white-haired Art Rooney, the gentle odd-timer who owns the Pittsburgh Steelers, "a gift from the hand of Providence."

To Rooney, as to all the NFL club owners, Rozelle's defense of the league's integrity was but one of his proofs of excellence. It is in tribute, then, to a man of brilliance, and to a game that has captured the modern imagination as no other, that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* recognizes Pete Rozelle as its 10th Sportsman of the Year.

**E**xcellence among administrators was scarce in 1963. Baseball staggered on, losing attendance, failing to stock its fledgling teams (e.g., the hopeless Mets) with able bodies, still slave to television rather than its master, permitting the monster to enrich the Yankees by another \$2 million while doing out a fifth of that to less favored teams. Professional basketball, with an alert new commissioner in J. Walter Kennedy, struggled for the wide recognition its immense high school and college base suggests can be captured, but that still seems so far away. Ice hockey remained comfortably well off but in the main stagnant and complacent, like a widow hugging an annuity.

Horse racing, rich but often shortsightedly governed, bullied by state tax authorities, looked to dubious lottery-like gimmicks for even wilder prosperity. The swift growth of automobile racing was threatened by the squabbling of rival sanctioning factions over stars and spoils. Boxing offered the Liston-Patterson mismatch as its big endeavor. In the realm of amateur sport the Amateur Athletic Union and the National Collegiate Athletic Association waged a bitter power struggle that even General Douglas MacArthur could not entirely pacify, and the American Olympic effort suffered in consequence.

This is not to say that spectator sport, taken as a whole, was in decline. Far from it. More athletes were performing more skillfully before larger audiences than ever before. But, by and large, the capital sports seemed often to succeed in spite of the men running them, to have been borne—merit—into the decade of the '60s on the wave of general prosperity, the expanding population and the increase in leisure that gives Americans large chunks of time for sporting diversion.

Alone, professional football grasped the opportunities afforded it, and Pete Rozelle, who demonstrated his insistence upon high integrity by firing Paul Hornung and Alex Karras, did much more. He established, with great difficulty, an essential television policy that provided more money. He shaped a player-pension plan and tightened security against any repetition of the Hornung-Karras affair. He got the NFL safely into Dallas and Minnesota and helped speed the shift of the Chicago Cardinals to St. Louis. He improved game officiating and clamped down on unnecessary player roughness (SI, Nov. 11). He persuaded that consummate but conservative showman, George

Preston Marshall (now gravely ill), to end his holdout against Negro players for the Washington Redskins. And he moved the NFL headquarters out of the back room of a suburban Philadelphia bank and into the New York mainstream of news and advertising.

Perfectly cast in the role of a modern executive, Rozelle is a man who hardly ever raises his voice. People looking for echoes of Landis' crusty candor or the salt and bite of Bert Bell's style will not find them. But they will not find softness, either. Rozelle is his own man, and what he has is a good mind, firmness of conviction, a talent for hard work and a cool, cool head.

"Pete never panics," it is often said of him. Daniel F. Reeves, owner of the Los Angeles Rams, for whom Rozelle once worked, speaks of his "supreme confidence." An ex-Ram executive sees him as "the great mediator." "Pete likes people," Reeves adds, "is good company and is thoughtful of individual feelings. Underneath all this is an extremely keen, quick mind gifted with the ability to make an immediate decision when necessary that will stand the sternest test."

Rozelle's aptitude for conciliation no longer deceives people into thinking that he is a bootlicker, the puppet of string-pulling owners who have been described as "the most contrary bunch of individualists you ever saw." "He has milk toast all over his high hand," says the Dallas Cowboys' owner, Clint W. Murchison Jr., in admiration. Mildly embarrassed about the extravagance of his regard for the commissioner, Murchison adds, "Lest I give the impression that he is perfect, let me make it clear that Pete is a lousy fisherman."

Last November, only seven months after his Hornung-Karras bombshell, Rozelle again waded into hot water with another strong and controversial decision. He ordered the full schedule of seven NFL games to be played on the Sunday after the Friday of the President's assassination. All of sport seemed to be divided that weekend on whether to play, to postpone or to cancel. A good many college football games were played, the majority were postponed. The Saturday pro basketball schedule was halved. Ice hockey went on just about as usual, and the Pimlico race-track in Baltimore stayed open on Saturday as other race-courses shut down.

It was a tribute to the prominence of professional football that only the NFL's decision was widely discussed. Among the team owners there was some dissent but no suggestion of revolt against the commissioner's ruling. Frank McNamne, president of the Philadelphia Eagles, announced that he would not attend the Eagles-Redskins game—which was played to a full stadium anyway. Pittsburgh's Art Rooney was an early dissent and phoned to tell Rozelle so, but by Sunday he had concluded that Rozelle's decision was "the right one."

Some newspapers and fans were shocked by Rozelle's stand. He felt that individuals should decide for themselves on how to pay the dead President their respect—the commissioner was one of millions who attended the special Sunday church services—but that sport no less than other cogs in the national machinery should continue to function.

Rozelle got support from two quarters. First, the fans, who had their individual decisions to make, showed up that Sunday in full array. In New York, where newspaper columnists were the most emotional and the controversy was sharpest, Yankee Stadium was, as usual, sold out. Second, there was indirect approbation from the Kennedy family itself. While consideration was given in Washington to canceling the Army-Navy football game, it was merely postponed a week, and the decision to play was taken at the behest of the Kennedys.

Part of the newspaper criticism went far beyond the question of what constituted respect, accusing Rozelle of money-grubbing for soulless owners. He took the abuse without flinching. On the irrational charge that money was his motive, he pointed out the obvious: there was none to be gained. Postponed, the games would have drawn the same revenues.

Great must have been a particularly galling accusation to the owners themselves. Although far from being philanthropists, their attachment to the game makes them the least mercenary in professional sport. One example should suffice. Television income is divided equally among the NFL clubs. Green Bay, with a negligible television market, receives the same amount as New York, which has an incomparably rich market, but pays a stiff Yankee Stadium rental and gets not a penny from concessions, programs or customer parking. Without that equal share the Packers probably could not survive.

As Rozelle crisscrossed the country during the 1963 season, keeping in touch with his clubs, he saw that NFL football was booming as never before. Sellouts of New York Giant home games sent a determined overflow to suburban motels in Connecticut and on Long Island to watch the action on television beyond the home-blackout range. Despite losing teams and so-so attendance in Los Angeles and Dallas, two big-stadium cities, overall attendance moved ahead by some 5%—and it was already big. In Washington and Philadelphia maximum crowds—every game was a sellout—supported teams with minimum possibilities.

The league's precious "balance" was never more conspicuous. It is the NFL's proudest boast that any team can win on a given Sunday, and that any talent, without the necessity of a miracle, can shortly move up and become champion. In the Eastern Conference, with two games to play, nobody knew whether New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland or St. Louis would come out on top. In the West those old antagonists, Chicago and Green Bay, were both in contention to the final day of the season, when the Bears' 68-year-old owner-coach, George Halas, pulled one more divisional title from his ancient bag of tricks.

Wherever he traveled, Rozelle buddied with owners and managers. One November morning brisk Art Modell told the commissioner he thought his Cleveland Browns, in just seven regular-season home games and one whopping exhibition, might outdraw the baseball Indians, who played 65 home dates. (He was wrong by a paltry 8,000.) He knew the Browns would outgross the Indians at the gate.

continued

Later that week Vince Lombardi, the plainspoken coach and general manager of the Packers, asked for the earliest word on whether Paul Hornung might be reinstated for 1964. In Detroit young William Clay Ford, of the automotive family, was wondering about Alex Karras but had a more urgent matter to discuss. One of the Lions' many stockholders, he wanted to buy the team outright—and Rozelle wanted to consider all the details. On November 22 Ford bought the Lions for approximately \$4.5 million. (The widely published figure of \$6 million included \$1 million in the Lions' treasury, the season's profits, and a building worth \$300,000, all of which went to Ford.) This was the same Billy Ford who last April bitterly resented Rozelle's heavy penalties against the Lions. Ford still smolders about them, but describes his relationship with the commissioner as "excellent."

To neither Lombardi nor Ford, nor to anyone else, did Rozelle say what was in store for Hornung and Karras. Indeed he wanted it perfectly understood that he would not begin to consider a decision until after the league's annual meeting later this month. He had advised H&K "to take such steps as they feel proper" to prevent a recurrence of their "problems" but had ordered no specific code of conduct.

That same week, Rozelle talked late with Dan Reeves, owner of the Rams. Reeves was flirting with the idea of moving the club from Los Angeles' huge 101,000-seat Coliseum to Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine (56,000 seats), where season-ticket sales might be brisker. But Rozelle didn't like the idea. The NFL, already tied to 10 baseball stadiums, had early-season scheduling headaches because of baseball's overlap with the football season. Baseball would run a week later in 1964; the difficulties would multiply. The loss of the Coliseum might be sticky.

Rozelle did not press for an instant solution. That is not his style. He lets his arguments sink in, and his viewpoint usually is accepted. "There have been no knockdown dragouts since I have been in the league," says Clint Murchson.

Between trips, Rozelle worked in New York at untangling a skein of club-network advertising commitments so that a new two-year television contract could be put up for open bidding this month. It was Rozelle who negotiated the just-terminated \$4.6-million-a-year two-year package with CBS, doubling the highest previous seasonal television income and providing every team with a handsome \$326,000 a year.

With football as hot as it is, the new agreement undoubtedly will bring a good deal more. NBC, by the way, had to produce \$926,000 to get the 1963 championship-game rights, the most ever paid for a single game.

At other moments Rozelle worked out a new angle in player-signing—the concept of the "hand-holder." Last month he deployed 28 NFL men, drawn from various clubs, to sweet-talk drafted college players. These hand-holders were assigned to key campuses to keep safe any draftee, or draftees, until an agent of the drafting club could arrive to talk terms. Since the founding of the AFL in 1959, the two leagues have, of course, competed vigorously for prime college beef. The NFL asserts it has had incomparably the best of it. But then Rozelle ex-

pected his hand-holders to corral the top of the 1963 herd.

It is thus that Rozelle operates—probing, absorbing, advising, almost invariably calm, poised, quick to snide, revealing the intensity of his obvious drive only in the large number of cigarettes he smokes. In odd moments of relaxation he reads about another chain smoker, Ian Fleming's phenomenal Agent 007.

Not everyone knew of these qualities in January 1960, when the owners met in Miami to elect a commissioner. Actually, Rozelle, then 33 years old and the \$25,000-a-year Los Angeles general manager, was not even a gleam in the owners' eyes. The big fact that concerned everyone was that Bert Bell was gone—dead of a heart attack on October 11 in his box at a Philadelphia-Pittsburgh game.

Sometime Penn quarterback and Philadelphia owner, Bell had become commissioner in 1946 and had governed well. Under Bell, two-platoon football came in and with it the game's remarkable passing, running, kicking and defending specialists. The draft became truly effective and permitted weak teams, by drafting first, to hire the best college players and pull themselves up. Bell's firm resolve to black out television in areas where games were being played protected the stadium gate—and saw television create an immense new audience that would clamor for stadium seats. One telecast in particular gripped the country. That was the dramatic presentation of Baltimore's sudden-death championship victory over New York in 1958. People were beginning to say pro football had overtaken baseball as the national sport.

Bell, a man of notable integrity himself, was just as jealous of the game's honor. As everybody knows, he dealt with the moral crisis of his own day by suspending the Giants' Merle Hapes and Frank Filchock for failing to report a bribe offer. Bell saw the insurgent All-America Conference collapse and collected three of its teams for the NFL: San Francisco, Baltimore and Paul Brown's mighty Cleveland Browns.

The loss of Bell's strong hand haunted the owners. The creation a few months before of a newly insurgent league, the AFL, troubled them. So did the complaints of some television advertisers over conflicting game telecasts, the effect of which was to imply the dumping of smaller cities. Adding to the general air of crisis was an unresolved debate on expansion, which Chicago's Halas and Pittsburgh's Rooney strongly favored and Washington's Marshall as strongly opposed.

The lightning that was to strike Rozelle hovered for seven dispiriting days as the owners, searching for Bell's replacement, deadlocked over San Francisco's Marshall Leahy, then as now the NFL attorney, and Austin Gunsel, then as now the league treasurer. A dozen other names were mentioned, Rozelle's last. He was elected in precisely 15 minutes, more out of desperation than by acclaim, and he was voted a \$50,000 salary.

"They will cut you up," one owner warned him. Rozelle recalls that he did not think his selection "very logical." "After all," he says, "I was only 33." Jane Rozelle quipped, "What does that make me, a czar?" The real question was whether her husband had the sinew to be czar. His suit had been tact, not toughness, and his life did not appear to

*con'timed*

# THESE ARE THE MEN WHO RUN THE 14 CLUBS IN THE NFL



*Vikings' Bill Boyer, who owns a car agency, has 30% of club, runs it and boosts it with valve.*



*Cardinals' Charles Bidwill and brother William inherited the ex-Chicago club from parents.*



*Giants' Jack Mara and brother Wellington operate team founded by ex-bookmaker father, Tim.*



*Redskins' George Preston Marshall, once a leardryman, is famed for his half-time shows.*



*Lions' Bill Ford, of the auto-making family, recently bought team outright for \$4.5 million.*



*Cleveland's Art Modell, former TV producer, earned notoriety as man who fired Paul Brown.*



*Cowboys' Clint Murchison, of the wheeler-dealer Texas clan, spends heavily on young club.*



*Colts' Carroll Rosenbloom, ex-other wheeler (fate machines, fusties), was a Penn. ballcock.*



*Rams' Dan Reeves, a stockbroker, inherited a grocery fortune and once ran chain of theaters.*



*Packers' Coach Vince Lombardi rules club absolutely for a non-profit community owners group.*



*Eagles' Jerry Wainman, rap-to-millions contractor, pledged \$5.5 million to take over club.*



*Bears' George M. Hales acquired franchise back in 1927 as gift, is the NFL's only owner-coach.*



*Jets' Vic Murebitski speaks for team founded by his wealthy, lumber-busking brother, Tony.*



*Steelers' generous, game Art Rooney launched team with a \$266,000 Saratoga win streak.*

have conditioned him in any specific way for the problems ahead.

Rozelle grew up in the modest environs of a Los Angeles suburb, Lynwood, and was nicknamed Pete by an uncle who did not like the name Alvin. Pete stuck. Grown tall and skinny, he played an adequate forward for the Compton Junior College basketball team with a husky kid later known to baseball as Duke Snider. Rozelle also won a letter in tennis and handled sports publicity for Compton but never played football. He brushed it a little by putting out game programs for the Rams in his spare time.

After leaving Compton, Rozelle persuaded the University of San Francisco to pay him \$250 a month as sports publicity director while he was still a student. For four years, two as a graduate, he boosted Joe Kuharich's rugged football teams (last year he hired Joe to supervise NFL officials). From USF the pros got such enduring stars as Bucko O'Neil, Mattson and Ed Brown, Linemen Gino Marchetti and Bob St. Clair.

Pete and Jane, a Chicago girl he had met and married after he was mustered out of World War II Navy tanker service, socialized occasionally with the *San Francisco Chronicle's* young night city editor, Pierre Salinger. Today Salinger's children have a very strong in when it comes to getting Redskin game tickets. Rozelle worked as the Rams' publicity director in the fabulous and frenetic Bob Waterfield-Norm Van Brocklin days, 1952-1955. The next two years he plugged Australian enterprises for a San Francisco public relations firm, notably Miler John Landy and the 1956 Melbourne Olympics.

In early 1957 Rozelle returned to the Rams as general manager amid a Byzantine ownership tangle. Dan Reeves owned one-third, voted 50%; and did not get along with his partners, Edwin Pauley, Fred Levy and James Seley, who together controlled the other two-thirds and voted 50%. Under the ground rules of this weird situation, Bert Bell was empowered to break logjams. Rozelle says Bell never had to be called in, and everyone agrees that Rozelle earned the respect and confidence of the opposing factions in an "impossible" job. In 1962 Reeves and some new associates, the owners of Los Angeles' baseball Angels, paid the enormous sum of \$7.1 million to buy up the Rams.

And then Rozelle became commissioner. The public would not get to know him until the H&K affair exploded, but from the time he gavelled his first meeting he was in quiet but full charge. "Bert Bell put us on an even keel," says Wellington Mara of the New York Giants clan, "Rozelle kept us there."

Within a few months old differences were patched up, Dallas was booked in for the 1960 season and Minnesota for 1961, the Cardinals were out of Chicago and en route to St. Louis and prosperity, and the NFL office was out of the backwater into its Manhattan tower.

Rozelle took the player-benefit plan Bell had started and found the money to make it work. Never sneer at bubble-gum trading cards. Rozelle used them, as well as TV and other sources, to raise to \$600,000 the annual pay-in. Besides providing life insurance and medical atten-

tion, the plan gives a five-year man a \$437 monthly pension starting at 65, and up to \$821 for a 15-year veteran.

The television question was trickier. There is a widespread belief in the league that only Rozelle's forceful persuasion convinced the television haves, the big-city clubs, to share television income equally with the have-nots. Rozelle minimizes his part, as do some owners, who prefer to emphasize their own magnanimity. There is no doubt, however, of Pete's surefootedness in establishing the legality of the package contract. Before there could be an equal split, Rozelle knew, there must first be "block-bookings," in other words, a single television contract encompassing all 14 teams. This was a concept of doubtful legality, although the AFL and the NCAA in their television contracts were already employing the device. To begin with, Rozelle sought a favorable court ruling. It was denied, on the ground that the language used in a 1953 court decision affirming home-area television blackouts could be construed to ban block-booking as a violation of the antitrust laws.

A federal law was the commissioner's only resort. Enlisting the NFL's Washington lobbyist, Attorney Clinton Hester, to arrange informal meetings with influential lawmakers, Rozelle turned on his persuasion and got what he wanted. Public Law 87-331.

Says Bert Rowe, the Minnesota Vikings' general manager: "Between July and October in 1961 Pete got the television law we needed in and out of committee in the House and Senate. Anyone familiar with Washington red tape knows what an accomplishment this was."

"It probably saved Green Bay," says the Packers' Vince Lombardi. "It was a great move."

Soon after Rozelle took over, his Washington grapevine reported AFL feelers at the Justice Department, exploring whether the Government might want to prosecute the NFL under antitrust laws for barging into Dallas and Minnesota. Justice tested negative. The AFL went to court, "putting a \$10 million gun at our backs," as Well Mara prefers to think of it.

"Research" is one of Rozelle's favorite verbs. He researched antitrust litigation and hired the Washington lawyer he believed to be No. 1 in the field to defend the NFL. The trial judge, acerbic in his appraisal of the AFL's claims, found for the National League in May 1962. A \$10,000 raise was already in the works for Rozelle and was given him that summer with the owners' relieved gratitude.

But the bitterness of the court fight has not evaporated. However pleasantly NFL men may speak of the AFL in public (which is good politeness), privately they are far from being among its cheerleaders. They were not amused at having to spend \$300,000 to contest the AFL suit, nor do they find splitting the high price of rookie flesh now that a players' market exists.

Most fans, however, want to see the AFL prosper and many want it to play the NFL champion in a pro football

World Series game, Rozelle's stock comment is, "We have no plans for such a game." He undoubtedly feels that the NFL now would have nothing to gain, the AFL nothing to lose, and that time is needed for interleague relations to improve (SI, Dec. 16).

Rozelle frequently tells this story: "Sid Gillman, coach of the AFL's San Diego team, sent me a telegram. It said, 'Pope John was a great man. He recognized the other league.' I sent this wire to Gillman: 'Yes, but it took 2,000 years.'"

One subject about which Rozelle never jokes is the league's integrity. He and the game were taken over some pretty ugly jumps in those dark hundred days last year—in most instances without justification—but he is resolved that the NFL must avoid "even the suspicion of evil."

Why? "The general public," Rozelle says, "more and more embraces the area of team sports as its own. Those involved in such sports must respect this public trust and in turn be unrelenting in preserving public confidence in the basic integrity of the games and their participants."

"Setting aside other vital reasons, this is important from a practical business standpoint. Our plan for assuring public confidence in the NFL involves three basic elements. First, constant counseling of players and club officials as to the importance of high standards of conduct. Second, maintenance of a strong intelligence system so that potential problems can be discovered and eliminated. Third, taking disciplinary action when a violation of rules or policies is found."

"The actions of prominent people in any field draw close and sometimes exaggerated scrutiny from news media and the general public, while the same actions by the average person go virtually unnoticed or are condoned."

"Consider betting. The argument is sometimes advanced that there is nothing wrong with a player betting on his own team to win. It would be ruinous for the NFL to accept the notion."

"As is well known, betting on football involves a point spread. Say one team is leading in the closing minutes of a game, but by less than the point spread, and has the ball. Say the quarterback of that team is known to be betting on the game. The bet is lost if his team does not score again. He calls a reckless play, perhaps a long pass. The other team intercepts, scores and wins. Would there then be 'nothing wrong' in that man's betting on his team?"

"Moreover, a player betting on his own team could be taking the first step toward something more dangerous—the possibility that a series of losing bets would place him in a position to be blackmailed by unscrupulous gamblers."

"I am convinced that our rules must be strictly observed. I am confident that our house is in good order."

Last June, Rozelle hired a superior law enforcement man, James Hamilton, the former intelligence chief of the Los Angeles police force, to see that it stays that way.

"What I try to do," Hamilton says, "is keep the pipelines open so as to be aware of anything affecting the good name of a team, an individual or the league itself. If in the future the commissioner has to impose further penalties, the players' teammates will have failed and I will have failed."

But, as the year turns, any kind of failure in the National Football League's well-oiled machine seems unlikely. Clearly the game will grow, and Commissioner Rozelle specifically looks for:

1) Bigger, better stadiums. "Contrary to rumor," Rozelle says, "professional football and baseball are not bitter rivals. In fact, the two sports are cooperating to get larger stadiums with better seating for fans throughout the country. Through the rent they pay, both football and baseball are helping to pay off construction costs of the new D.C. Stadium in Washington and the relatively new stadiums in Minneapolis-St. Paul and Milwaukee, where the Packers play four games a year."

"There are plans for new stadiums in St. Louis and Pittsburgh, plans that depend heavily upon long-term lease commitments from both football and baseball teams. From present civic studies in Chicago and Detroit there may also come larger and better-designed parks for those cities."

"Such projects mean not only better accommodations for spectators but also additional revenue for club management to cope with the accelerating cost of fielding quality teams. Today it costs a minimum of \$1.25 million a year to operate an NFL team."

2) Expansion. "Some club owners," Rozelle says, "want to expand the NFL from 14 to 16 teams and thus arrive at two eight-team conferences. Each conference would have two four-team divisions, with divisional playoffs within the conferences leading to the championship game. At the moment there is merely discussion, not concrete planning; I feel that we must first strengthen the two newest operations in Dallas and Minnesota. However, a 16-team league is definitely a possibility for the future."

(Dallas' General Manager Schramm sees expansion to 16 teams as "the most important single thing the league has to do. There are too many second-division clubs who are virtually on a par with the league champion. We need more league leaders and contenders. We have to get two more warm-weather locations. Possibilities that come to mind are New Orleans, Atlanta, Houston and Miami.")

3) Big-screen theater television of home games at home, e.g., in New York City as the Giants play in Yankee Stadium. The NFL first began experimenting with theater television only last week, putting the championship game into three exhibition balls in Chicago. "Theater television," Rozelle says, "would augment, not supplant, the established policy of regional television received free on home sets."

4) Overseas games. "I expect," Rozelle says, "to see either preseason exhibitions or postseason all-star games played abroad by the NFL within the next few years. Washington has unofficially expressed keen interest. The games would contribute to the overall American program of promoting better understanding among peoples through sport and would provide thoroughly American entertainment for servicemen stationed overseas."

Those are the commissioner's aims and hopes. The men of the NFL have one plan of their own, which can be stated in two words: "Keep Pete." No man was more valuable to sport in 1963. No sport is in more competent hands for the years to come.

TURN PAGE FOR OTHER OUTSTANDING SPORTSMEN





## CHAMPIONS WHO GAVE THE YEAR ITS FLAVOR

**T**he second season of Navy Quarterback Roger Staubach fulfilled the promise of his brilliant sophomore beginning—*Al-Amarica* on all major teams, star of Navy's unprecedented fifth consecutive victory over Army. This matter-of-fact untemperamental performer passed for 1,474 yards and ran another 418 yards in leading Navy to one of its finest football records.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEAL BARR

The world of sport in 1963 was characterized by a brilliance that came from dozens of outstanding performances: the nationwide interest in Kelso's victories, the spectacular baseball season that culminated in Sandy Koufax' achievements in the World Series, the amazing continued story of the triumphs of young Jack Nicklaus in golf, the seemingly endless development—both in player skill and national interest—of professional football. These achievements and other major contributions to sport in 1963 are exemplified by the champions pictured on these and the following pages. With all their variety of skill and performance, they possess a common factor: the zealous dedication to sport that the late President Kennedy loved. All together, they contributed to something lighthearted and graceful in the time that reflected the President's own personality.

**W**hen Jim Clark began to drive racing cars as a teen-ager, he outperformed his teacher, a driver with racing experience. Now Clark is 27 and he is outperforming everybody. A small, dark-haired, wiry Scotsman who is devoid of theatrics, he won the world championship in 1963 in a natural climax to 10 years of patient and careful daring in a maximum-risk sport.



CONTINUED

**M***rs. Richard C. duPont qualifies as the sportswoman of the year 1901 just for her enviable role as the owner of four-time Horse of the Year Kelso, but—and equally important—because she is a heartening holdover from an almost bygone era, an era when horsemen loved both horses and sport in proper perspective. Alvin duPont raced Kelso often enough (72 times), spaced his races well, never ducked a challenge. When he lost (three times) there was no elixir. And no owner won more graciously than Mrs. duPont.*



**D***an Schollander, a 17-year-old A student at Santa Clara High School in California (his mother was his first coach when he was 9), became the first person in history to swim the 200-meter freestyle in less than two minutes. Then he repeated his feat and bettered it. He set a new world record (1:58.8) in July, broke the two-minute barrier four times in August and at Osaka on August 24 broke his own record with 1:58.4. A startled Japanese writer compared him to a hydroplane—"He just skims over the water."*

CONTINUED





**B**ill Russell of the Boston Celtics ended his sixth full season in professional basketball by winning the NBA's Most Valuable Player award for the fourth time. (In the other two seasons his fellow players voted him runner-up.) A genius at blocking opponents' shots, this 6-foot 10-inch center, who could outjump much taller men if there were that many around, has been primarily responsible for the emphasis on defensive techniques that has lately emerged as the most significant trend in the sport.

**J**im Whitaker began mountain climbing in the Cascades near his native Seattle when he was a 14-year-old boy scout. At that time, he was shy, intense and a fine natural climber. Now a big-boned (6 feet 5 inches, 210 pounds) man of 34, he is still shy, intense—and also America's most celebrated climber. After 12 years as a guide in Mount Rainier National Park and numerous climbs in the Rockies and Alaska with his twin brother Leo, he became the first American to climb Mount Everest.



CONTINUED

Only 23, Jack Nicklaus has arrived in the lean, arid world of King Arnold Palmer as a stocky, powerful prince of golf. His seemingly phlegmatic attitude is a young man's mask that conceals the kind of determination and insistence on victory usually associated only with Palmer himself. In 1962, his second year as a pro, he won the Masters and the PGA, collected \$100,000 in official prize money and displayed such power and finesse that his opponents shudder at the prospect of what he may do next.



**D**espite a wobbling, bowlegged style that was a source of considerable embarrassment to his coaches, Robert Lee Hayes twice ran the 100 in 9.7, one-tenth of a second faster than Frank Budd's world record. A muscular, 21-year-old junior, Hayes is also a lightning-fast 220-yard man and a star halfback at Florida A&M, where he led the team in scoring. He may play professional football when his days as an amateur sprinter are over—but not before he has a go at the Olympic sprint record this year in Tokyo.









## SPORTSMAN (continued)

**E**ven if Sandy Kousser had not won 25 regular-season games and had not beaten the New York Yankees twice in the World Series, setting strikeout records as he did so, 1963 would have provided a remarkable chapter for his biography. Recovering from a finger injury, he towered over the rest in a season dominated by pitchers. He carried the Dodgers to a pennant and a world championship and may well have established Los Angeles as a baseball dynasty that will be as lasting and as formidable as that of the Yankees.

**G**ary Anderson taught himself target-shooting and began small-bore and free-rifle competition in 1958. He was a good teacher. In 1962 he set three records at the world shooting championships in Cairo as he broke Russia's 18-year domination of world individual marksmanship titles. In 1963 the Presbyterian divinity student won two gold medals at the Pan American Games, and the 1st President, at a White House ceremony, awarded him the first medal ever given by the Government for international shooting competition.

CONTINUED

## NEW MARKS FOR OLD PROS AND YOUNG AMATEURS

**1** Throughout the world of sport, athletes spent the past year doing things no one had been able to accomplish before. Cleveland fullback *Johnny Brown* (right), pro football's fastest runner, gained 1,863 yards on the ground, a new all-time season high. And for New York bold old *V. A. Tittle* threw a record 36 touchdown passes while setting a new career mark for total pass completions at 1,971.



**2** *Mary Mays* is the perfect equestrienne—pretty, genteel and skillful. At the Pan American Games she defeated both male and female competitors to win the gold medal for individual performance.



**3** At 14, *Billy Spencer* of Sarasota, Fla., was the youngest member of the U.S. Water Ski Team. He was also the best, leading the team to the world championship and himself taking the all-round title.



**4** Glanda, blue-eyed *Mickey Wright* won 14 of the 28 golf tournaments she entered this year. "It's a case of if I win, well," she says, "I was supposed to. If I don't, it's 'What's the matter with Mickey Wright?'"

**5** Last season, 18-year-old *Henry Sprague III* was the North American Junior Sailing champion. Making up in 1962, he took the North American single-handed title, then national honors in the Finn class.



**6** Two and a half years ago a cute art student named *Anne Wetterson* tried sport parachuting for the first time. By last fall, she was U.S. women's champion and winner against 16 nations in Yugoslavia.

**7** Detroit *Isag* had treated auto racing as tempting but not quite respectable until Ford's *Lea* lacedes put his company onto the track, swept U.S. stock events and changed the design of Indianapolis cars.

“アメリカ経済の擴張する力はいぜん堅實な盛り上がりを見せ冬期半ば以降の生産の激増につづいて この夏が幕を閉じる前にもう一度急上昇がおこることはほぼ確實である。しかし長期予測にはやや不明瞭な点がある。割引率の引上げとそれにとまなう信用政策の變更が 1964年の擴張を制約する前兆となるかもしれないからである。”

You are reading a quote from "Fortune" Magazine.



This excerpt is from the Japanese version of Fortune Magazine, titled PRESIDENT. It is a joint publishing venture between Time Incorporated and the Diamond Publishing Company, Limited, in Tokyo.

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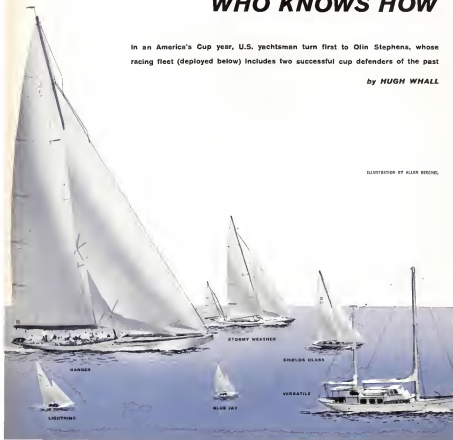
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# ***TO KEEP THE CUP, GET A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW***

In an America's Cup year, U.S. yachtsmen turn first to Olin Stephens, whose racing fleet (deployed below) includes two successful cup defenders of the past

*by* **HUGH WHALL**

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN BEECHER



For American voters the year just begun will be one of presidential elections; for American athletes it will be one of Olympic competition; but for American yachtsmen it will be most of all a year during which they will be called upon again to defend the America's Cup.

In England one challenger, Anthony Boyden's big, blue *Sovereign*, already has tested her sails in competition, and another—*Korvea V*, financed by Australia's temporarily expatriate Livingston brothers—is nearing completion in a Clydeside boatyard. Any one of four veteran U.S. campaigners—*Weatherly*, the 1962 champion; *Easterner*, the perennial also-ran; *Neferiti*, the dark horse of the last trials; and *Columbia*, the ousted champion of '58—may be called on to face whichever of the English boats proves best. A fifth craft, commissioned by Pierre du Pont from the drawing board of A. E. (Bill) Luders, will be trying hard for the honor. But the odds-on favorite to defend the cup at this point is the boat now being tank-tested by the man who knows his job better than any other—the man who de-

signed every one of the famed racing yachts pictured on this page and many more besides.

It is not surprising that in searching for a designer capable of building a better cup defender Yachtsman Walter Gubelmann and his friends of the *Constellation* syndicate should have turned to a man who has built two of the best. He is, of course, Olin Stephens, the creative genius of the yacht-designing firm of Sparkman and Stephens, whose *Rose-re* won in 1937 and whose *Columbia* won in 1958. He was little more than a boy when he worked with famed Starling Burgess on the blueprints for the last great J boat. Although Olin stoutly denies it to this day, Harold (Mike) Vanderbilt, who paid for the boat, claims that Burgess gave his young partner major credit for the design. This was not his first triumph. Stephens already had made his mark on racing with another boat—the 52-foot *Dorade*. This little boat struck sailors in the 1930s with much the same impact as the schooner *America* 60 years earlier. In a single season, *Dorade* lifted ocean racing out of

the clumsy age of heavily timbered, mostly schooner-rigged clunkers that buffaloeed across oceans instead of sailing over them. Such boats needed big crews to handle their unwieldy gear, and their bulbous hulls were seas away from the relatively efficient slivers that raced around inshore courses.

*Dorade* was different. In her Stephens combined the light, long-flanked efficiency of the inshore racers with enough ruggedness to survive almost any deep-water danger. Traditionalists were, as usual, skeptical. Some felt sure *Dorade* would never make it across Long Island Sound, let alone the Atlantic. Others questioned her racing efficiency. They were wrong about her toughness, of course, but at first it seemed they might be right about her racing prospects. In her first big trial—the 1930 Bermuda Race—because of a navigational error *Dorade* did no better than third place on corrected time.

The next year, however, *Dorade* began to win, and win big. With 23-year-old Olin in command and his younger (by a year) brother Rod as mate, *captained*



the little boat headed north out of Newport on a race to Plymouth, England. Counting on the fact that more cautious skippers usually prefer to follow the safer, southern route, Olin chose to steer *Dorade* along the lee line. This gambit paid handsome dividends. *Dorade* sailed the 3,000 miles with such speed that she arrived at the finish line before the committee boat was there to welcome her. The other boats were nowhere to be seen, and the biggest one of all, *Landfall*, did not make port until two days later.

Before ocean racing pundits could regain their composure, *Dorade* sailed off on the Grand National of ocean racing: the race around Fastnet Rock. The Fastnet is noted for the menacing shores that line its course, the English Channel fogs that blind its skippers, the gales and the hardships it puts on boats and sailors. But *Dorade* took all the punishment the course had to offer and won that race and many others after it, leading the *Times* of London to call her "the most wonderful little ocean racing yacht that had ever been built."

*Dorade* established Stephens as a revolutionary designer of ocean racers; the 135-foot cup defender *Ranger* established him as a giant in naval architecture; but the little 19-foot class racer called Lightning bore Stephens' talents as a yacht designer closer to more individual racing sailors than either *Dorade* or *Ranger* ever did.

Inch for inch and pound for pound the best little class boat of her time, Lightning's fame crisscrossed the world. Nineteen feet long, with a scant 14 V bottom and considerable beam, this centerboard sloop was many things to many people: a day sailer, an effective one-design racing boat and a family boat good for training kids. Its success was such that there are now more than 8,000 Lightnings under sail. But, to the businessmen in Olin Stephens' firm, Lightning was an economic tragedy. Never guessing what their new boat would become, Sparkman and Stephens sold the plans outright with no provisions for a royalty fee to the designer.

The ancient schoolmaster in James Hilton's novel *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* used to see long parades of his former pupils and hear their names as he sat dozing in old age. In similar circumstances, Olin

Stephens might see a fleet of graceful sailing craft go by in almost endless procession, and hear names like *Bolero* and *Bonnie* (the Joe Louis and Max Schmeling of ocean racing, dueling each other in pitiless rivalry whenever their tracks crossed, though each was too handicapped by measurement rules to win races outright); like *Savvy Weather* (a modification of *Dorade* with an equally spectacular racing record); like *Finistere* (the port little centerboard yawl that won the Bermuda race three times and set another new style in ocean racers); like *Goose* (a long-winded beauty that won every cup the 6-meter class had to offer, save one).

There would be others less famous in the parade: powerboats and motor sailers like the 94-foot *Waifarer* and Mike Vanderbilt's 88-foot *Versatile*, and class boats like the New York Yacht Club "32s"—famous for their speed to windward and infamous for their wetness. There would be a long line of fiber glass one-designers tailored to the postwar technology: Dolphin, New Horizons, Knickerbocker, Rainbow, the Shields class, and the 35-foot Chris-Craft Sail Yacht. And there would be the famed *Pew*, still one of the finest 12-meters ever built. Least but not last, there would be Lightning's 13-foot baby sister, the Blue Jay, quite possibly the handiest little racing trainer in existence.

There are few yachtsmen who would not instantly recognize one or all of these boats, but not many would recognize the mild-looking man who designed them. Olin's brother Rod is the old salt of the Stephens family. Rod owns a boat named *Misung*, sails her regularly and is a lusty, rigging-climbing, blue-water man who sings wild songs and accompanies himself on an accordion. Olin is as deep and quiet as one of his own 12-meters at anchor. For a man who has more offshore and inshore racing experience than most and whose contributions to sailing art and science rank with those of Du Vigne and Franklin in other fields, he is modest to a fault. He talks quietly, seldom swears, drinks nothing stronger than wine, never boasts and doesn't own a boat. It is easy when lunching with Olin Stephens to think of oneself as the expert and of him as the

novice, and because sailboat racing is sometimes a blow-hard's pastime, there are those who fall into the error of believing that Olin Stephens doesn't really know much about it.

They could scarcely be more mistaken. Olin is not only a great designer but a first-rate helmsman and a canny tactician, as his victories aboard *Dorade* and other craft testify. He was good enough to be stand-in for Skipper Mike Vanderbilt aboard *Ranger*; he was relief helmsman aboard *Columbia* in her America's Cup win under Briggs Cunningham in 1958; and he vigorously raced 6-meters before the war. But it was left to Cornelius (Corny) Shields, one of the mightiest names in U.S. sailing, to pay Olin the ultimate compliment, Shields was in command of one watch aboard *Bolero* for a Bermuda race, Olin was in charge of the other. Generally there is a good deal of rivalry, even jealousy, between watches. Says Corny: "Usually you go below and worry that the other fellow's watch is losing some of the gain you've made in your watch. But aboard *Bolero*, Olin was the one fellow I know of that always would do better than I would."

If Olin Stephens seldom races a boat nowadays, one reason is the press of business that his former successes have thrust on him. His current battles with wind and tide and displacement and racing rules are mostly fought in a dingy office midway between two rivers on New York's Manhattan Island.

Located on the 12th floor of a nondescript building on lower Madison Avenue, the offices of Sparkman and Stephens look more like a branch of the Internal Revenue Service than a place where multimillionaires write fat checks for fancy boats. The walls are colored dirty mustard. Pipes lace the ceilings, and linoleum lines the floors. Tucked in one corner of the main office is a smaller office furnished with a desk, plain chairs, a simple drafting table, a bookshelf filled with boat hooks and an old-fashioned steam radiator. Hanging on the walls is a covey of half models and photographs of boats framed in black. This is the room where Olin Stephens, a familiar if nameless figure each morning on the 7:55 from Scarsdale, does his work. "He's a detail man," says Palmer Sparkman, a nephew of the firm's president



STEPHENS CONTEMPLATES A NEW YACHT BENEATH A PICTURE OF "COLUMBIA"

and founder, Drake Sparkman. "He makes sure that everything's right from the fitting on top of a mast to the bottom of a keel. Nothing is too small for him." When *Columbia* was washed out during the 1962 eliminations after having won in 1958, Olin Stephens took the loss personally. As one friend put it, "You can bet he plans to vindicate himself with the new boat."

Stephens' search for perfection often takes him across the Hudson to the Davidson test tank at Hoboken's Stevens Institute. He was one of the first naval architects to recognize the value of testing scale models, but he is also realistic about the tank's shortcomings. "You've got to know what questions to ask, then let the tank answer them," he says.

How the right questions always seem to pop into Olin Stephens' mind may be a mystery. But it is quite clear that they often germinate in soil as foreign to yacht racing as that of the Mojave Desert. When Olin Stephens, along with Manhattan's other hordes of Westchesterites, boards the 544 at Grand Central each night bound for the unostentatious colonial-style house he shares with his wife, Florence, he leaves yachting behind.

On the train he reads voraciously—often Kafka and Jacques Maritain. At home he listens to the music of Bartok and Bach. The walls of his house are covered with pictures, but none of them are of boats. "I like a little quiet semi-abstract impressionism," he says. His pictures are Helikers and Marsden Hartleys rather than Frederick Waugh's.

In summer when there is no cup racing to attend to, Olin and his wife head for a farm in inland Massachusetts—as far from the water as a New Englander can get—and neither of the Stephenses' grown-up sons shows any inclination to mess about in boats, for fun or profit.

Stephens' own principal hobby is painting, and his style is "something uniquely his own," says a friend—but he never paints boats. He once tried to paint one, but the literal perfectionist in him made fierce war on the abstract artist. After painful hours before his easel, most of which were spent writhing in dissatisfaction and impatience, he gave up and never tried again. The trouble with Olin Stephens is: when he works on a boat, it's got to be right. **END**

Dressed up in Santa Claus whiskers and fur coats, **Floyd Patterson** and his old sparring partner, **Ingemar Johansson**, fought a rematch—Indian wrestling, this time—on a Stockholm TV show whose audience is challenged to guess the real identity of the principals. Once again Ingo hit the deck, but in a subsequent Swedish-style contest, Johansson turned on his fiercest toonder-and-lightning scowl and wrestled a peg away from Floyd. The prize divided by the butlers who used to command a half a million dollars a crack: four stuffed animals for Patterson, one stuffed animal for Ingemar.

Governor **Edmund G. (Pat) Brown** (at right, below) has always opposed the death penalty for humans, but not for ducks and geese. Hunting on the Wallace Lynn ranch north of Sacramento with his old friend, Chief Justice Earl

Warren, the Governor happily announced: "I didn't commute anybody, and I enjoyed myself immensely." The total bag: 12 birds each.

With deer-meat sausage on the breakfast menu for visiting German Chancellor **Ludwig Erhard**, President **Lyndon Johnson** set out to shoot the makings in the bush back of his LBJ ranch. But every time the presidential sights settled on a deer, out popped a covey of worried staffers and away went the quarry. Exasperated after missing six shots in a row, President Johnson ordered his doctor back to the ranch house and threatened to blow out the front tire of a carload of Secret Service agents. Then, alone at last, he bagged a 100-pound buck, with a single shot at 300 feet.

"I got so badly bunged up I had to quit after three games," said Novelist **Erskine Cald-**

**well**, as he reminisced recently about his inglorious career as a professional football player in Wilkes-Barre 40 years ago. The author of *God's Little Acre* and *Tobacco Road* has had better luck indoors. "I'm much more successful," he said, "in the athletic career I've since taken up. I'm now a pool shark."

Whether or not he himself makes it in the race for the presidency, the family of Pennsylvania's Governor **William Scranton** will be in fast company during 1964. Once the auto season gets under way, the governor's nephew, Yale grad **Timmy Mayer**, will take the wheel as No. 2 man on the British Cooper Grand Prix auto team.

The U.S. Government claims it is a hobby, but Wilmington Banker **William (Willie) du Pont Jr.** insists just as stoutly that his 7,023-acre stud farm and steeplechase course, Fair Hill (site of the annual Foxcatcher chase), is a business. For this reason, says Willie, who admits to the hobby of steeplechase-course designing, the government should give him back that \$32,000 in taxes he paid on the farm under protest when it was losing money. Well, if it's all business, said the government, what about those two professional fox hunters whose \$8,000 salaries were deducted? Oh, them, said Willie's lawyers, as the case turned into the stretch last week—well, we'll forget about their salaries if you forget about the rest of the tax.

Life has been peaches, cream and a heaping bowl of Wheaties for the Rev. **Robert Richards** ever since he gave up

pole vaulting in 1957 and started to sell breakfast food. But now—despite the fact that he has not bothered to vote since 1954—Parson Bob's friends are urging him to give up his \$100,000-a-year income and start running again, this time as a G.O.P. candidate for Senator. There was only one hurdle in the way: anyone running for office in California is required to register with the party of his choice at least three months before March 20. Parson Bob, who has been both a Republican and a Democrat in his time, cleared it by just three days.

"I have lots to learn," sighed Queen Elizabeth's first cousin, **Prince Michael of Kent**, as he strove in vain to get a berth on the 11th Hussar regimental ski team for the British army championships. Despite the fact that his mother, the Duchess of Kent, was awarding the trophy, the best the prince could get was a first reserve. "For Mother's sake," Prince Michael said when the team leader told him he might do better next year, "I hope so."

University of Texas sophomore **Lynda Bird Johnson** was the proudest coed in the land when the Associated Press selected her to present the National Football Championship trophy to the players of the undefeated Texas team. "I haven't been in such good company in a long time," said the President's oldest daughter. But Coach **Darrell Royal** was in no mood for speechifying. "O.K.," he told his ogling Longhorns when the ceremony was done, "let's get back to practice."

JAMES BOLDEN





## Take time to find out how the land lies



*The surrounding territory often shows how a doubtful putt will break. The ball is more likely to turn with the slope of the land (solid line) than against it (dotted line).*

You are being both careful and sensible if you take time to line up your putts from both sides of the hole. Hidden breaks can often be seen by looking from the hole back toward the ball. But every now and then what you see is more confusing than enlightening. A putt will appear to break from left to right when viewed from behind the hole and from right to left when looked at from the other direction. Which angle of vision should you trust? Here is the answer: assume the putt will break in the direction that the general terrain in the area slopes. I won my first National Amateur Championship at Broadmoor, a course that is built right up against the Colorado Rockies. We all quickly learned there that the greens on the mountain side of the course invariably sloped away from the mountains, even when they appeared to slope into them. The steep terrain caused an optical illusion. What looked like an uphill putt would actually turn out to be downhill, much to the dismay of the player who hit it. To a lesser extent, this is true of all hilly or rolling courses. So—check the slope of the land around the green. If it falls off from left to right, for instance, then it is quite possible that what looks like a level putt will actually break a little from left to right. When you know your eyes are deceiving you because a putt appears to break two different ways, look beyond the green and see how the land lies.

## The small men arise

The solid virtues of hustle and teamwork enabled undersized UCLA to win the best of the holiday tournaments and kept Kentucky undefeated

How, UCLA Guard Walt Hazzard was asked, would he appraise Cazzie Russell, the Michigan guard? Hazzard thought a bit. He is a senior, 6 feet 3 and 188 pounds, which is a nice size for a guard, but Russell is a 19-year-old sophomore who is 6 feet 5½ and 220 pounds. "Well," Hazzard said, "it is a very good thing that I am getting out of college, because there isn't going to be much room for me if they start finding guys that size who play guard."

Luckily for the Hazzards there are not many Cazzie Russells around but, as Hazzard knows full well, if there are any, the basketball coaches will find them. The nation is just chock full of growing boys, and as sure as coaches are falling over themselves to get 6-foot-5½ guards, they are also finding 6-foot-8 forwards and 6-foot-10 centers. It is a distinct surprise then, as well as an affront to the law of gravity, that two of the best teams in the country today—both unbeaten—are Hazzard's UCLA Bruins and the Kentucky Wildcats. Neither of these teams has a starter over 6 feet 5, and they are not the only little folks running wild either. Villanova, Utah and Illinois are all succeeding with teams predominantly composed of players who have no trouble huying suits right off the rack.

This turn of events was most plainly pointed up last week when Kentucky thumped a big Notre Dame team, 101-81, while UCLA gave Cazzie Russell and his taller Michigan teammates their first loss, 98-80. The Michigan game paved the way for the Bruins to take their second straight title in the Los Angeles Classic—the best of this year's holiday tournaments. UCLA won with the perseverance and crisp execution that exemplifies the success of the good little teams. The Bruins showed that, at least early in the season, a well-coached squad with

good personnel, regardless of its size, can win even when it is playing under its heads. "I've been looking up to everybody I've played against for four years," says Fred Slaughter, the 6-foot-5 UCLA center, "so there's just no reason to get stage fright any more."

Slaughter survives against the giants because he gets so much help from his teammates. UCLA Coach Johnny Wooden demands, for example, that all his players work the backboards. The result is balanced rebounding that permits UCLA to keep on winning against bigger opponents. Though they were out-rebounded by Michigan, it was two big Bruin offensive rebounds at just the right time that keyed the game. Michigan had fought from far back to trail by only 44-41 at half time, and appeared to have momentum. But at the start of the second half, twice after missing shots, UCLA hustled for the rebounds, made the second shots and jumped back up to a seven-point lead. Michigan could never catch up, and the Bruins went on to the championship.

The Michigan-UCLA game was only the seminal, as a result of badly planned pairings that placed the tournament's top three contenders—Michigan, UCLA and NYU—in the same half of the draw. Yale, which had not been in such heady company since it was bracketed with God and country, was the only one of the weaker teams in this half. Illinois, with minimal competition in its half, thus eased through to the finals, while NYU and Michigan had to meet in the first round. The pairings were made by the ingenious method of drawing slips out of a hat way back in May. If the L.A. Classic people were handling Armageddon, they probably would schedule it when everyone was out for lunch.

There was, then, a definite letdown for the finale, but Illinois, a promising

LEFTY JUMP-SHOOTER God Godnick, a mere 6-footer, led UCLA to Classic title

young team, made it exciting by almost clutching UCLA before losing 83-79. The Illini are, except for their talented center, Skip Thoren, even smaller than the Uclans, and Coach Harry Combes shifts no less than eight men, who range all the way from 6 feet 1½ to 6 feet 2, like spare parts in a gyp TV-repair shop.

#### The anti-Russell strategy

Russell was superb at scoring 26 points in Michigan's opening 83-74 win over NYU, but Wooden and UCLA succeeded in stopping him, and by doing so stopped Michigan. Wooden put Forward Jack Hirsch on Russell instead of Hazzard. He did not want to risk having Hazzard draw too many fouls early in the game, and besides, Hazzard's forte is playmaking, not defense. Hirsch, on the other hand, is good on defense and familiar with guarding in the pivot, a position he played in high school. This is a requisite where Russell is concerned, for a set part of the Michigan offense is for Russell to move from the backcourt to the post. Hazzard guarded junior Forward Larry Tregoning, and Tregoning is a good shot, but Wooden reasoned he was better off putting the greater pressure on Russell, a sophomore. "We hoped," he said, "that if Russell, a soph, started missing early, his game might fall apart faster than if Tregoning, who's a junior, had that happen to him." The reasoning could not have been sounder. Bothered by Hirsch and the tight UCLA full-court zone press, Russell was called three times for traveling, and threw one pass away in the first five minutes of play as UCLA moved to a 15-9 lead. Before the half was over, Russell was called for traveling a fourth time, threw two more passes away and even missed a lay-up. He accounted for seven of his team's 12 first-half turnovers as he played like a sophomore for the first time this year.

The defeat was not all Russell's fault, though. The Wolverines repeatedly muffed easy shots, and Slaughter did an excellent job of containing Bill Buntin, the All-Big Ten center.

However, the main reason for Michigan's only loss this year was Gail Goodrich, a UCLA backcourt man who has usually been described as the unassuming character who plays the other guard spot opposite Hazzard. Goodrich was not only the best player against Michigan—utilizing a deadly left-handed jumper, he hit 11 of 17 shots and made 30 points

—but was chosen the most valuable player in the tournament. At a time when little men are assuming command, Goodrich is no less than the prototype of them all. He is generously listed at 6 feet 1 and 160 pounds, but even if he just does top 6 feet, he has come a long way fast. When Wooden first saw Goodrich in high school, Gail was 5 feet 8 and 135, and what he saw in the tiny high school junior was quick hands. "Quickness," Wooden says, "is the most important thing in athletics. In anything—baseball, football, even golf." And quickness is the quality that lets the Bruins control a game and a bigger team with their tenacious zone press. "Our press, when we do it properly," says Wooden, "sets a tempo for the whole game, and when we get the other team falling into our tempo we have gained a big advantage." Goodrich, coming direct from the battle lines, is more mundane. "We're so little, we just have to press."

Wooden's teams, large or small, are extremely well conditioned, which is particularly necessary this year, because the bench is so thin. Practices are highly organized, to get the team in shape. Efficiency is the cue, and Wooden is never given to fire-and-brimstone speeches before a game. "Quiet and businesslike," he says. "That's how I expect them to go out on the floor." This demeanor, unfortunately, quickly disappears once the game begins. Their size notwithstanding, the greatest weakness of the Bruins may be their propensity to become so easily ruffled at officials' decisions. No other players in the Classic approached UCLA in displays of anguish and dismay at virtually every call against them. Parleys with the referees went on endlessly. One close observer thinks this crying-babying will prove the team's downfall. "Sure, they're going fine now," he says, "so everything is rosy. But if they lose a couple, these guys might fold up on themselves."

That, however, is contingent on the Bruins losing, and so far there has been no indication that there will be any of that. UCLA has played a tough schedule, their nine victims include Creighton, Kansas State, Kansas and Butler besides Michigan and Illinois. Quiet and businesslike. Coach Wooden sends his players out on the floor, turns, winks to his wife in the stands and then watches UCLA show that sometimes—and this year anyway—the taller they are, the longer they fall. **END**



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# There Are No Wet Blankets



# at Snoqualmie

Everything—and everybody—may be soaked through but, come hail or high water, when winter descends on Seattle the world's most indariable skiers charge off into the slush.

BY HUSTON HORN



**S**o that a railroad might be built to link the Pacific Northwest to the rest of the nation, a U.S. Army captain named George B. McClellan was sent into the Territory of Washington during the summer of 1853 to find the lowest pass through the Cascade Range. As a Civil War general and a politician McClellan later made a name for himself, but on this mission he failed completely. The Cascades are a nice place to vacation in the summertime, and maybe that is what he did. He called off the quest, at any rate, after thrashing about in the woods for 100 days, and he and 60 companions went home. To his \$150,000 expense-account report McClellan pinned a note that said, in effect, there simply was no pass suitable for a railroad in those mountains.

Although McClellan and his nearsighted friends came within three miles of the spot and never saw it, there is, as a matter of fact, a splendid Cascade pass about 45 miles due east of Seattle which Milwaukee Road trains use every day. *Snoqualmie* is the name of the pass, and it is so low that Washington's principal transcontinental highway runs through it four lanes wide, and its grade is so gradual that Volkswagens drive over the summit in high gear with ease. But if those few facts would surprise Captain McClellan, his campaign had would fly off if he could come back for a visit. By contrary logic, little Snoqualmie, the lowest point in the range, is the most popular, most densely populated ski-resort area in the whole Northwest.

Indeed, there is no place just like Snoqualmie Pass anywhere else in the country. The mountains do not exactly soar and the climate is more suited to Washington's Olympic rain forest. But because of the three ski areas located there—Snoqualmie Summit, Ski Acres and Hyak—Seattle, it is said, has the greatest number of skiers (10% of the population or better) of any U.S. metropolitan city and the greatest zeal for skiing this side of Japan. Less than an hour's drive from downtown, Snoqualmie is connected to Seattle by U.S. Highway 10 the way the IND subway connects Coney Island to Manhattan, and with the same effect. The state spent \$287,191.60 one recent year keeping this four-lane driveway to the summit clear of snow, but it is powerless against Seattle's commuter skiers. With no place to park except on the shoulders (which is against the law), drivers leave mile upon mile of parked cars along both sides on a busy winter day. They then think nothing of a 30-minute hike uphill to the first chair lift or rope tow. In addition to the private cars, chartered buses flock to the area on weekend mornings and discharge uncounsed thousands of Seattle schoolchildren, nearly all of whom are enrolled in Snoqualmie ski schools. So that nobody is tempted to stay home for Sunday school, Snoqualmie

Summit thoughtfully provides an A-frame chapel that runs Protestant and Catholic services all morning long and permits its preachers and priests to ski between sermons.

As the ski area nearest the city—it commands the top of the pass at a 3,004-foot elevation—Snoqualmie Summit absorbs the brunt of this athletic assault, while the balance spills over to Ski Acres and Hyak on the eastern rise of the pass. With equal fervor, other hordes ascend to other Seattle-area resorts, such as Stevens Pass and Crystal Mountain, which take the better part of two hours to reach by car but which offer steeper and more exacting skiing. Through the day the slopes of the Cascades, dark with flicking and falling humanity, vibrate with the clamor of perhaps 30,000 people, the whirl of lift machinery, the gurgle of coffee and hot chocolate and the mighty, resonant ring of cash registers. Suddenly, around 4:30 in the afternoon, a heavy hush settles over all. There is virtually no after-ski life of any kind in the Cascades, and, says a bemused observer of the Seattle ski picture, "It's as if they were all factory workers and the quitting-time whistle had blown. Everybody unbuckles his skis and heads for his car. They just go home, get a little sleep and rush back up the first thing in the morning."

As Seattle skiers go, Marty Fox, the wife of a thoracic surgeon, may be as typical as any, heaven help us. Bumbled this mother of four the other day: "I've been skiing for three years now and I've only been hurt twice. Broke my leg both times. But how I love it! I put hot Metreol in my thermos and come up to Snoqualmie or someplace three, sometimes four times a week the minute the kids are off to school. Nor rain, nor sleet nor gloom will keep me home. I ski until the last cat is hung in the spring, and I'm on my way now." And out into a freezing rain she limped.

To discover ski fanatics anywhere in the world these frenzied days is not unusual, but Seattle is a case all its own. Its distinguishing characteristic is rain. As is well known to everyone who lives in Seattle, the city has an average yearly rainfall of only 34.10 inches. This is less, in fact, than New York City, something of which the Seattle chauvinist is especially proud. But what few like to admit is that the constancy of Seattle rain is formidable.

Coming as close to the truth as he dares, one resident realist blushes: "We have a little bit of rain a whole lot of the time." Naturally, since winter is rain's busy season in Seattle, it frequently falls without fear or favor on the outlying ski areas. And when it is not actually dripping drops, attendant gray clouds, lowering fogs and mists are likely to be present over the slopes, a condition not helped, says a Snoqualmie instructor, by the accumulation of bus-engine exhausts and the vapors from the lodges' doughnut-frying

continued



MARC SIMON

Like troop convoys, packed buses line up at Snoqualmie and disgorge their army of Seattle skiers





With rain clouds temporarily lifted, a skier dashes down a relatively dry slope (left). Meanwhile, back at the lodge, the informality that characterizes Snoqualmie is demonstrated by unabashed patrons



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machines. Still, unless the snow is simply washed away, there seldom is heard a discouraging word, no matter what happens all day. As one area operator admits, "If you worried about the weather here, you would never ski."

Not only does the rain get into one's eyes and ears and freeze fast to one's equipment, it turns fresh and fluffy powder snow into a substance one skier compares to liquid concrete. "Actually," says a local historian, "Snoqualmie is an old Indian word meaning land of lumpy mashed potatoes," and a Seattle ski authority ventures that local skiers are probably the world's most adaptable. "If they learn to ski here," he says, "they can ski anywhere." Says the famed high priest of French skiing, Coach Emile Allais: "I can spot a Seattle skier in Europe from 100 yards off by the way he bends his knees when he takes the moguls."

Allais is too polite to say so, but identification might also be established by a Seattle skier's costume. Stretch pants are popular, but foul-weather gear is more so, and a Seattle skier would no more leave his raincoat at home than his boots and poles. "Now notice," said an acclimated woman at Snoqualmie Summit the other day while water streamed off her nose and the brim of her cod fisherman's sou'wester. "My jacket has electrostatically welded seams or something and is practically indestructible. Just the same, I spray it with waterproofing stuff every now and then just to be on the safe side. And notice my short haircut. Maybe it looks like a boy's, but it dries out in half the time."

As might be supposed, Seattle ski areas go to some lengths to play down their own precipitation, and it is possible to find neighboring competitors claiming to lie in the "rain shadow" of one another, a way of saying it nearly always rains up at the other place but rarely, if ever, at ours. Because all of the areas have one shortcoming or another, relative advantages do indeed figure prominently in the conversations of rival operators. "Our chair lift, you know, is two feet higher than the one up the road," brags a man operating in Snoqualmie Pass, while a man connected with Stevens Pass stresses that much of his snow rests on a base of room-size boulders. He claims his rocks constitute "a marvelous drainage system that makes our snow a lot drier than some other places I could name." But all the praise is not self-serving. A professional man in town adds another dimension. "With the constant gloom that hangs over Seattle in the winter," he says, "our people get short-tempered and begin to snap at each other in sheer frustration. I discovered skiing was a good way to get out from under it all. Maybe it's gloomy and maybe it's raining in the mountains, too, but with all that white snow surrounding you, it kind of peps up your spirits. I go to Snoqualmie Summit on Thursdays, which is mostly ladies' day really, and come back to work on Friday feeling like a new man."

Skiing in the Northwest began in primitive fashion

back in the '20s, when he-men used to harrigbone up the flanks of Mt. Rainier in their undershirts, and Norwegians in football helmets and shoulder pads went flying off pre-ecipices to the astonishment of all. In the early '30s, after the Seattle Park Department had cut a swath through the white fir and hemlock at the crest of Snoqualmie Pass, a few well-to-do Tacoma and Seattle businessmen got ski operators' permits from the U.S. Forest Service. At about the same time a New Yorker named Webb Moffett, who had graduated from Troy's Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and was stationed in Seattle with the Army engineers, came across a copy of the Sunday *New York Times*. "There was a story in the paper about Woodstock, Vt.," Moffett remembers, "which had recently put in a rope tow for skiers, the first such contraption in the world. I had been doing a little skiing myself—you did just a little skiing in those days because you spent most of your time climbing the mountain—and I suddenly knew a rope tow was an answer to our prayers."

Moffett, accordingly, sat himself down before a sheet of drafting paper and in no time at all had engineered his own version of the Woodstock tow. He then got in touch with the men holding the forest permits, and they made a deal. Moffett would get 10% of all tow tickets sold at Snoqualmie Summit in exchange for erecting tows there and at two other, more distant mountains. Business was so bad in the beginning that Moffett and his wife, a Seattle girl named Virginia Robinson, were lucky to gross \$10 a week at Snoqualmie for themselves. They spent their weekend nights sleeping in the rope-tow engine room (where the original equipment is still working). During the week Moffett kept on with the engineers, and Virginia had a job as a public-relations counselor, a role at which she later attained a pinnacle of sorts when she devised the name for the Seattle World's Fair Space Needle.

**W**ith the outbreak of the war in 1941, the Tacoma-Seattle businessmen, totting up unimpressive receipts for the few years they had backed skiing, decided to bow out. They believed gasoline rationing, for instance, would doom out-of-town recreation. Moffett, not so easily dissuaded, offered to buy the group's rights to Snoqualmie, and his offer of \$2,000 was accepted with alacrity. "We have since parlayed that investment," says Webb Moffett quietly, "into a \$1.5 million operation." Curiously, it was gas rationing that saved Snoqualmie Summit. People did not have enough gas to drive the 90-odd miles to Rainier, a more popular area then, but they could, with car pools, get the 56 miles to the pass. (A bridge across Seattle's Lake Washington has since shortened that distance to 46 miles.)

Other breaks befell the Moffetts. Because of defense priorities, they were unable to buy lumber, so they bought and

*continued*

dismantled an abandoned CCC barracks and rebuilt it at the base of the rope tow as a hamburger hut. "It was about 100 feet long and 20 feet wide," says Moffett, "and so many people crowded into it our heating bill only ran about \$85 a season." Nowadays his heating bill may be \$85 a day, and his hamburger hut has become a chicken coop in eastern Washington.

Snoqualmie Summit, which now draws 200,000 skiers each winter, did not develop without attracting considerable attention and envy and, once the war was over, the race was on to divide up Seattle's ski pie. Just over the hump of the pass, Ski Acres was built by an amiable ex-butcher named Reidar Ray Tanner. He bought the land for Ski Acres in 1942 from the Northern Pacific railroad for so little money that he would rather not talk about it, and opened it for skiing in 1949 after putting up the first chair lift in the state. "I knew when I opened we weren't in the best location," says Tanner, "because people would have to pass Moffett's place to get here." Indeed, Butcher Tanner's next 10 years were as lean as a slice of Canadian bacon. Hyak, the area farther on and lower than Ski Acres, had its hard times too. But now both are sitting pretty and looking forward to even brighter futures. "Who should worry?" asks a Seattle newspaper editor. "Around here you can scratch an X in the snow, call it a ski resort and you'll be fighting off customers in no time."

If skiing in the Snoqualmie area is about as convenient as picking up a loaf of bread at the suburban A & P, skiing at Stevens Pass, about 90 miles northeast of the city, is scarcely more trouble than going howling. Stevens opened in 1937—the same winter Moffett had put up his home-made rope tow at Snoqualmie—largely because of the push given it by Don Adams, a credit company field man at the time. "I was a Raimier skier," says Adams, "and when I heard about what was going on up at Snoqualmie I knew the die was cast and I was wasting time." With the help of a man named Bruce Kehr, Adams designed a rope tow of his own and put it up in the first Cascade pass north of Snoqualmie. "We didn't get much in the way of snowplows because we weren't on the major highway," he says, "so that first winter we didn't have much business, as you may imagine. When the snow gets about five feet deep on the road, traffic doesn't amount to much. But four years later, when I went off to the Army Air Corps, we had a pretty good clientele, and they complained so much I had to get a couple of weekend passes to come home, open the place up again and turn it over to my wife to run." Stevens has since prospered the way Snoqualmie has, and when Adams sold out his interest in 1959 "they were spending more on postage than I had made our first winter." Such success breeds its own headaches, says John Caley, a Seattle lawyer who now owns an interest in Stevens Pass. "We had to turn away 250 cars on opening day this year, and the railroad that

owns some neighboring land we'd like to buy is becoming a trifle difficult. Their land is the top of one of our mountains and we offered them \$80,000. They laughed."

Just as the operators of Seattle's various ski areas have struck a vein of gold, so have related businesses. Among those reaping residual harvests, for instance, are ski equipment dealers, who break out in radiant smiles when asked how things are going. "The national average for ski shops," says one relatively small-sized merchandiser in Seattle, "was a gross of \$72 a square foot last December. In the same period, my volume was \$500 a square foot—and my business is up more than 100% this year."

**A**nother prize source of income—and one that will continue to benefit everyone for years to come—is Seattle's ski school business. The city's ski school program is so vast that no one connected with it is able really to describe its scope and size, perhaps because it changes almost hourly. Virginia Moffett initiated a new school just last month, for example, while eating Dungeness crab at lunch at her tennis club. By piecing together bits and tatters of information, observers conclude that, on a given weekend, about 8,000 children are in training in more than two dozen ski schools scattered around the Cascades. Nearly every organization of any stature in Seattle stands behind a ski school—the P.Y.A. school enrolls 1,500, the YMCA nearly as many—and where they leave off, country clubs and neighborhood associations, e.g., the Bellevue Ski Council with 1,700, step in. "As far as I can make out, everybody except the Communist underground has a ski school," says a man who has observed the phenomenon, and he doesn't sound too sure about *them*. "There is nothing comparable to it anywhere," says Bill Tanler, publisher of a Seattle ski magazine, "and there is probably not a ski resort in the West that does not owe a debt to the Seattle ski schools."

Saturday mornings in Seattle resemble an emergency evacuation program. Parents wearing teapots over their pajamas drive bleary-eyed youngsters to designated pickup points that checker the city like police precinct stations and shove their children toward the waiting chartered buses. The bus companies are obliged to call in off-duty vehicles from as far away as Bellingham, 90 miles north, to handle the Saturday rush, and are quite happy to do so. Each of the three biggest bus companies makes about \$40,000 a piece in the winter and, says a Trailways man, "We could fill 20 more buses ourselves if we had the equipment."

Around 8 o'clock the buses begin to move out, headed, for the most part, for Snoqualmie, and in lesser numbers for Stevens Pass and Crystal Mountain. On board each is at least one school instructor who doubles as chaperone. Once arrived at Snoqualmie Summit, the 4,500 children and teen-agers enrolled there rally around flagpoles and signposts to find their instructors. Meanwhile, an area coordi-

nator, like a general plotting a battlefield, keeps the chaos in reasonable check with a walkie-talkie and a megaphone. In most cases, the instructors, a seemingly nerveless lot, work for a ski school contractor who has made all arrangements, sold the course to the parents and classified the students according to ability. The largest private school in Seattle (it claims to be the largest in the U.S.) is run by Buzz Fiorini, a Wilkes-Barre, Pa. skier who came to Seattle in 1943 to rivet together B-17s and B-29s for the Boeing Company, and after 15 years as a ski instructor himself is now an executive. Fiorini, who runs his school with his wife Julie, a onetime Wilkes-Barre torch singer, employs 60 instructors and pays them from \$18 to \$24 a day. His 900 students range from 7-year-old first-graders to middle-aged housewives, and his lessons are the most socially O.K. and the most expensive (\$75 for 10 weeks, including bus fare). He charges more, he says, because he offers more. "Last year we gave 12,423 lessons without one single fracture," he says, "an unbroken record, so to speak."

The ski school instructors, whether working for someone else or for themselves, are all certified as proficient (a requirement set by the Forest Service for anyone giving lessons on Government land), but virtually none of them make their living from full-time teaching. Janney Hutterer, who works for Fiorini, is the wife of a Dartmouth-graduated geologist and onetime New Hampshire ski instructor ("I married him for free ski lessons, not for money"). The mother of an 18-month-old girl, she pays her baby-sitter with free lift tickets. Larry Linnane, who has his own school, is a freight train conductor who teaches at Snoqualmie Summit and Stevens Pass four days a week and works in the Northern Pacific yards in Seattle at night. On Sunday, his day off, he sings tenor solo in his church's High Mass, then rushes to the parking lot to change into stretch pants and is off to Snoqualmie for a few hours of rest and recuperation. Stan DeBruiler, who helps manage the P-T-A school with three other men, is the largest potato chip distributor in the Northwest, and his cohorts are a newspaper reporter, the owner of Seattle's largest sports equipment store and a Boeing executive. Peter Erler, one of the few genuine Austrians in Washington, runs the Ski Professionals, Inc. school at Ski Acres and a ski shop in a downtown J. C. Penney store. In the temperate skiing atmosphere of Seattle it is no surprise what instructors do with the money they earn. "With few exceptions," says Larry Linnane, "we wait all winter for our vacations and then get over to Sun Valley as fast as we can. There we blow every penny."

And that brings up a curious thing about Seattle skiing: just about nobody ever comes to Washington to ski, and the people already there rarely ski at home when they can help it. The reason is not any shortage of suitable terrain but the acute lack of overnight lodging. Added to that, says Don Adams, is the matter of getting to Washington in the

first place. "We're off in the coffin corner of the country, you know, and to get here from out of state just to ski you've got to pass up places like Aspen and Squaw Valley and Sun Valley. And all those places have sunshine to boot, so why would you come out here?"

On the hopeful supposition that Seattle skiers will one day get over their compulsion to drive home every night and that out-of-staters may eventually find their way into coffin corner, a few Cascade areas plan to build extensive accommodations sometime in the future. Leading the way at the present is the new, still-building resort, Crystal Mountain, which is 76 miles southeast of Seattle and check by jowl with Mt. Rainier. (White Pass, an early Seattle favorite, is 30 more miles beyond and is losing some patrons to Crystal.) So fancy that its ski school is under the tutelage of ex-Olympian and top racing coach Jack Nagel, Crystal Mountain is the only area near the city, says Mel Borgersen, its general manager, "which was built because it is an excellent place to ski, not because a highway happens to be going that way." What Borgersen, a wavy-haired ex-farrier, is getting at is that Crystal's site was selected by some Seattle men who used to ski there as members of the 10th Mountain Division, a famous ski outfit that trained at Rainier and later fought in the Italian campaign of World War II. Selling \$1,000 shares to 1,000 Seattle skiers, the promoters opened Crystal Mountain with high hopes last winter. Unfortunately, there have been problems ever since. Because Crystal was not picked for its convenience to a highway, there is a problem right there, says Borgersen, smiling thinly, and two miles of a six-mile access road have not been completed. Crystal Mountain also boasts it has 40% less snow than competing Cascade areas (a 20-foot accumulation is a not uncommon nuisance in Snoqualmie Pass). This is fine when there is snow but was disastrous last winter, when 40% less added up to about nothing. Finally, while Crystal Mountain can say truthfully that it has the highest chair lift in the area, it is not as high as the management would like. The U.S. Park Service, which operates Mt. Rainier National Park, has forbidden any of the ski structures to peep over the top of Crystal, because they would be visible to Mt. Rainier tourists. Still, Crystal is moving ahead, business is good and the prediction that it may someday attract the crowds of resort-minded skiers it needs seems sound. "You never can tell," says Borgersen. "Maybe some of those sheltered tourists on Rainier will hear our noise and come around for a look. God didn't know which part was going to be park land and which part Forest Service land, so He gave both of us some pretty nice scenery."

As for the Cascade areas that are not expanding for tourist skiers, what are their prospects? "Gold-plated," says pioneer developer Don Adams. "Skiing around Seattle will probably keep growing forever—just because of the way it is and even in spite of the way it is." **END**

A roundup of the sports information  
of the week

[illegible]

**WARRIOR**—In a 10-round nonstop fight in Phoenix, Middleweight RUBIN (Hawthorn) C. K. R. R. (42-14) lived up to his nickname. He slugged Westweight champion Mike LaMotta the entire way, in line, on his feet, and so much more that it was all over by a TKO at 2:13 of the last round.

**FOOTBALL**—NFL CHICAGO won its first game since 1970 in 17 years by coming from behind to defeat New York 14-10 for many JOE.

**AIL** is planned to double the Eastern Division championship RYOICHI's southern Buffalo 26-8 and two Boris Paich TD passes to Larry Gannon and four Gino's appetizing head gains. SAN DIEGO took the Wisconsin job by crushing Detroit 48-20 while second-place GAKI AND squared off. Houston 32-40 for insight to straight jacket. KANSAS CITY, which started in with late start out New York 60-0 and landed third in the West.

[illegible]

**HARNESS RACING**—Driver HILLY HALL, 60, of Glen Head, N.Y., earned \$799,096 in 1987 to become the leading money winner for the fourth time in his career.

champion from 1955-1964; Hanky Dancer, the leader for the next two years, was turned-up

[illegible]

**HORSE RACING**—Willie Smith Stalker made his 2,363rd start at Santa Anita to pass Eddie Aron's 1,611 and make, and because the third was the highest stakes in the world. Quite possibly, he will improve on his record for Gordon Richards in England who's scored with 4,374 starts. But his record nearly 7,000 comes up against up with Johnny Longden, who's still alive.

**MOTOR SPORTS** Scotland's JIM CLARK became the first driver to win seven Grand Prix races in one year when he pushed his Lotus-Climax an average of 95.10 mph for victory in the 200-mile South African Grand Prix in East London, South Africa. He held the lead all the way and finished 16.731 in a victory ahead of Dan Gurney and Graham Hill.

**REMARKS**—First time since 1955 the U.S. DAVIS CUP TEAM (Dennis Ralston and Chuck McNeukin) won the Challenge Round, 3-2, over Australia on Auckland (see page 19).

[illegible]

Australia's KOP-CLARKE has set a world record in one race in Melbourne. He covered 10,000 meters in 28.15.6, cutting 2.6 seconds off the mark set by Russia's Pyotr Bolotinikov, and on the way he established a new time of 57.17.6 for a mile, bettering his 26.2 seconds the record held by Hungary's Sandor Szabo.

**WILPODTS RETIRED** WILLIAM SOE CUTCHENS, 82, one of earliest members of Cayman Club's "millionaires" and once "a president of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louis-ville.

THE D. SIR JACK HOBBS. Britain's finest attack  
tactics, 100th anniversary, 100th anniversary, 100th anniversary in  
Sewer, England for years.

**DIED** GEORGE WILSON, 61, an All-American halfback at Washington in 1929, of a heart attack while working on a dock in San Francisco.



**COREY ADAMS** of Clarkson College (Potsdam, N.Y.) was scored most valuable player in the ECAC hockey tournament at Madison Square Garden. A center, he scored three goals and made two assists in leading his team to a 9-5 swimmer Boston College in the finals.

**MRS. HART MORLEN** of Honolulu humiliated Hawaii's top male college players when she won the open singles title in the state cabbage championships. She took all her matches and defeated David Nantaga, the Honolulu Pacific Club champion, in the finals.

VANCE RANDALL, 26, of Asheville, N.C. was named 1965 Printer of the Year by the Professional Printers Association. In four years of competition the ramp, 1-foot-4 Western Carolina graduate was runner-up twice and fifth prize in the PPA national championships.

LINDA LUNSMAN, 16, of Danbury, Wis. went deer hunting and killed a 635-pound black bear, the largest bear ever shot by a woman in Wisconsin. Asked what she intended to do with the trophy, she said, "I really haven't any idea. No one in our family likes bear meat."

**BOB MCNAMARA**, the 1954 football captain and star halfback at Minnesota who now owns a tavern and a florist shop in Minneapolis, teamed with his brother Dick to take the national paddle-ball doubles championship for the second straight year in 1961. *Mt. N.*

**BILLY WADE**, 33, of Spartanburg, S.C., no relation to the Chicago Bear quarterback, was chosen NABCAR's 1963 Grand National Rookie of the Year. He ranked 16th in the national standings by finishing among the top 10 in half of his races, none of which he won.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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# Basketball's Week

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA STATE (8-0)

2. OKLAHOMA CITY (3-2) 3. TEXAS WESTERN (10-0)

"Everything," Will Rogers once philosophized, "is funny as long as it is happening to somebody else." A fellow Oklahoman and an equally folksy type, OKLAHOMA CITY Coach Abe Lemons concurred after his team lost to WICHITA in the finals of the All-College tournament by a not-so-funny 80-47. Lemons was all smiles following was over Idaho (104-66) and Wyoming (99-86), but not after Wichita threw up an all-out zone press and cut his Chiefs' scoring in half. "More coaches than ever are using the delay game," Lemons said sourly. "They get a good lead and they start stalling. I don't think it's good." Wichita opened up slightly in the second half but, with their 35-18 cushion, it did not matter. Dave Stallworth, who scored 92 points in three games for Wichita, was the MVP of this 28th and oldest of all holiday tournaments. Still, it was Bernie Lenox who broke Frank Selvy's 10-year-old scoring record with 53 points as he led TEXAS A&M to third place with a 99-87 win over Wyoming.

SMU Coach Doc Hayes knew how Lemons felt. Just when his Mustangs started to close in on undefeated STANFORD, the Indians slowed the game to a crawl and faltered in an 80-70 victory.

## THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (8-0)

2. LOYOLA (8-1) 3. WICHITA (9-0)

Lemons' counterpart, Hank Iba of OKLAHOMA STATE, has for 30 years been a leading practitioner of half control and defense. Last week he, too, spotted a trend. Commenting on the recent flurry of high-scoring games, Iba said, "Maybe the wide-open offense is what we want, too. I may just have my boys cut loose and drive." Few believed him, however, and his boys did not cut loose. They took only 43 shots in a 65-56 win over slumping KANSAS in the semifinals of the Big Light tournament in Kansas City, but waiting for the Cowboys in the championship showdown was KANSAS STATE Tex. Winner, State coach, was not entirely pleased with his team's 100-78 win over Nebraska in the first round. "We'll make a sensational play," he said, "and then look like the Katzenjammer kids," that with such pranksters as Willie Murrell (27 points) and 7-foot Roger Suttner (he blocked 13 shots) and the rest of a deep State squad taking a total of 80 shots, Winter's Wildcats beat Missouri 84-67.

No one was slowing down the pace in Detroit's Motor City Classic. No team scored less than 82 points, as underdog PENN STATE put on two come-from-behind efforts to take the title. A 97-92 overtime win over Western Michigan was followed by an 83-83 finale against Detroit.

Small but swift WISCONSIN took the Milwaukee Classic Twice getting 27 points from Ken Gustafson, the fast-breaking Badgers swamped Dartmouth (94-68) and Georgia Tech (102-84).

There was also a bit of nontournament scrambling, with CINCINNATI twice barely escaping defeat. With 14 seconds left and the score 70 all, Ron Bonham of the Bearcats missed a shot. Kansas State's Murrell was coming down with the rebound when, as he put it, "Somebody lifted it right out of my hands." George Wilson was that somebody, and his last-second tap-in won for Cincinnati. The next time Bonham had a clutch shot was against Tulsa and this time, with 53 seconds left, he made it, giving the Bearcats a 54-52 win.

In another MVC opener, Johnny Smith came off the bench, scored 34 points and

night's later Gardner was literally the jumping jack ("I wish I could walk up and down the sidelines the way you can in football") in Madison Square Garden. Walked up outside Villanova's huddling zone, the Utes shot over the top, worked in close now and then on Slappy Kraepel's on-target passes and built up a 31-22 advantage. Villanova, though, capitalized on aggressive offensive work by Richie Moore (24 points) and clutch rebounding by Jan Washington to pull out an 82-75 win. This solid performance made the Wildcats a favorite over MINNESOTA, which moved into the finals by beating scrappy St. Joseph's 69-63.

Biggest eye-opener in a week of surprises came in Philadelphia's Quaker City tournament when GEORGETOWN, an early-season loser to Loyola of New Orleans, shocked NCAA champion Loyola of Chicago 69-58. Slim Jim Christy hit for 30 points and left Loyola, winner of 12 in a row, straggling in the tentacles of its own new "octopus" defense. But Georgetown's success was short-lived. Stealing the ball left and right, the Hoyas went in front by a dozen points in their next game, against LA SALLE. Then Frank Corace went to work for the Explorers. He scored from outside, he scored from inside (29 points in all), he picked off passes and rebounds and guided La Salle to an 80-69 victory. ST. ANNAVENTURE'S Fred Crawford sank a 25-foot shot at the buzzer for a 64-62 win over Drake that put his club into the championship round against La Salle.

## THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. KENTUCKY (8-0)

2. VANDERBILT (8-0) 3. DAVIDSON (14-0)

Miami did not win its own Hurricane Classic, and it was Miami's own fault. The Hurricanes' first mistake was to invite SYRACUSE. The second was in not realizing that the calm of intermission is like the eye of a real hurricane. Miami led at half time of the title game, but Syracuse came back like a Force 10 gale and won 86-85.

Like SYRACUSE, THE CITADEL used a second-half surge to win the Pommetta Classic in Greenville, S.C. More than anything, it was the Bulldogs' tight zone, holding Furman to 15 points in the second half, that paid off with a 42-41 triumph. FLORIDA, too, got a dividend from a zone, harassing the Air Force into its worst shooting 36%, from the field) of the season and winning the prestige game of the Gator Bowl tournament 74-68.

VANDERBILT again proved itself one of the class clubs of the South. Memphis State could not cope with John Ed Miller's 80 straight field goals and bowed to the Commodores 85-79 at the start of the Vanderbilt Invitational. South Carolina lost in the championship match 106-78.

Because they had averaged 101.5 points in their six most recent wins, the KENTUCKY Wildcats already had been dubbed the Century Express before they tangled with Notre Dame. After five minutes the Irish led 10-1,

*a continued*

## MAKERS OF UPSETS



JIM CHRISTY  
GEORGETOWN



WALT HAZARD  
UCLA



gave ST. LOUIS an 80-79 win over Bradley.

Big Ten finals OHIO STATE and MICHIGAN state got 29-point scoring sprees from Gary Braddis and Pete Gens, respectively, to win easily. The Buckeyes defeated Houston 79-62, and the Spartans beat Butler 76-65.

## THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (8-0)

2. ST. ANNAVENTURE (9-0) 3. NIAGARA (8-1)

"I never saw so many jumping jacks," marveled Ugh Coach Jack Gardner after watching VILLANOVA outscore Dayton 77-73 in the opening round of the Holiday Festival. Two



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#### BASKETBALL'S WEEK *continued*

but from there on Kentucky took over and won easily 100 to 81. The Wildcats used pinpoint shooting (57.8% in the second half) to make it a runaway. Thoroughly outrebounced, Coach Adolph Rupp moved Coeten Nash from center to forward early in the game, and he scored 33 points. Notre Dame Coach Johnny Jordan, awed by Kentucky's speed, said, "You can't pass against them; they'll steal your pants. I've never seen a quicker bunch of kids in my life."

Not quite as fast but scorching in on the basket with even greater accuracy (81% in the first half, 68% overall), WAKE FOREST beat Navy 77-69.

#### THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UTAH (9-0)

2. STANFORD (6-0) 3. OREGON STATE (5-0)

Everybody likes to be home for the holidays, but no one enjoys it more than the OREGON STATE players, who have never lost a game in the Far West Classic in Portland, Ore. This year they won their 19th and 20th, taking the opener from LSU 87-57 as Mel Counts scored a record 48 points and edging Colorado State 51-51. This put the Beavers into the Monday finish against BRIGHAM YOUNG, which knocked Seattle from the undefeated list 77-74 and then beat Oregon 80-70.

The West Coast Athletic Conference tournament was one of magic numbers. In the first round, three of the four winners scored 68 points. In the second round the two eventual finalists each scored 77 points. In the end, though, the magic number was the one point that separated winner SAN JOSE STATE (56) from Santa Clara (55). But the big news was little SANTA BARBARA's 68-57 upset of San Francisco.

UTAH swept through the Los Angeles Classic, upsetting Michigan 98-80 and finishing up with an 83-79 win over Illinois on Walt Hazzard's playmaking and Gail Goodrich's shooting (see page 48).

Wayne Estes of UTAH STATE is twice the fine player he was last year now that he has slimmed down to 225 pounds. Estes uses a sort of half-moon dribble crosscourt in front of the basket and then, when he is within 10 feet or less of the rim or even under it, he reaches back and shovels his shot upward just before he crashes into the home court's retaining wire fence. Ohio State could not stop Estes, as he dropped in 40 points, and the Aggies won 79-66. Earlier the Aggies also surprised Bradley 95-90.

CLEVELAND, its winning streak stopped at nine, started a new one with victories over Nevada (92-63) and South Dakota (75-74). STANFORD edged Kansas in overtime 69-64. Before going on to their tournaments, BRIGHAM YOUNG outlasted Michigan State 95-90, COLORADO STATE beat Washington 82-52 and UTAH achieved Coach Gardner's 500th college win by downing New Mexico State 101-72.

END



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## FOOTBALL WORLD SERIOUS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your stand for an AFL-NFL championship game (*The Two Pro Football Leagues Must Meet*, Dec. 16). The sooner they arrange such a meeting the better for all concerned.

DAVID BURT

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

This guy Tex Maule must be right out of his head picking the AFL by 50 points in a championship game. His he watched any AFL games this year or has he spent all season watching his beloved Dallas Cowboys?

GEORGE STAFFORD

San Diego

Sirs:

Tex ("Perplexed") Maule has the greatest proclivity for being wrong of any writer that I have read. We have been through a similar situation during the 1946-50 period. At that time all the football "experts" agreed that the teams in the old All America Football Conference were far inferior to the NFL and said so in much the same vein as did Maule. Well, what happened?

The Cleveland Browns entered the NFL in 1950 and won the championship. The only team to defeat the Browns in 1950 was the N.Y. Giants. But wait a minute! They weren't really the Giants at all. They had become strong through an agreement that gave them the best players on the AAF: New York Yankees, including Tom Landry, Otto Schnellbacher, Harmon Rowe, Arnie Weinmeister and several others.

ED McLEOD

Monroe, Conn.

Sirs:

This Maule talks about Tobin Rote's performances when he was in the NFL as not being too good, compared to his better AFL performances (because the AFL defenses are bad). He wouldn't admit that possibly Rote has reached the top now, same as Y. A. Tittle has with the N.Y. Giants.

You can't take anything away from Tittle. He's great, there's no doubts about it. But his performances six or seven years ago were nothing compared to what they are now.

HOWARD GARLOCK

Lockport, N.Y.

Sirs:

My nomination for Astronomer of the Year is Tex Maule. His prediction concerning a playoff between the NFL and AFL champs is really out of this world.

DAVID CLAYTON

Lake Arthur, La.

Sirs:

*Hoorsay, hoorsay, hoorsay* Three cheers for Tex Maule in setting up a game between the AFL and the NFL. Any 5-year-old kid could tell just by watching an AFL game on TV that compared to the NFL the AFL looks like a group of 10-year-olds playing a sandlot game.

LARRY STEIN

Overland Park, Kans.

Sirs:

To say that "the AFL could win the World Series" Dan Jenkins has to be slightly nuts. But to call Y. A. Tittle a castoff is a sure sign of insanity.

JOHN LOVING

St. Bonaventur, N.Y.

Sirs:

The AFL is definitely five years behind the NFL. Joe Foss is lucky that Pete Rozelle has mercy enough to decline such a challenge, because, if he accepted, the AFL would definitely be trounced by a rasculous score, say, 42-3—if they got that close. Mr. Foss had better keep his challenges to his own league.

JOHN DeBENEDICTO

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

The matter of who would win is only incidental. After all, how many World Series have begun with one league's team a heavy favorite? Does this kill the fans' interest? Seems to me that the Yankees were heavy favorites this last time!

H. L. (Maks) MICHAEL

Charleston, S.C.

Sirs:

As one of Ring Lardner's boys might say: "Let's get the serious started."

PETER SANDERSON

Hempstead, N.Y.

## SELECTIVE SERVICE

Sirs:

Although I agree with most of the editorial positions held by your magazine, I am definitely opposed to your suggestions concerning the Olympic Committee's new system of selecting our Olympic track and field team (*SCORECARD*, Dec. 16). Your stand, which advocates the retention of the "traditional American system," is shortsighted and unrealistic and in definite contrast to your drive for more liberal policies in all sports.

Suppose John Pennel, Bob Hayes and Al Oerter all suffered minor injuries prior to the exclusive Olympic trials and were unable to compete. If your position were sup-

ported, then these great world record holders would miss the trip to Tokyo. The new system would prevent such an occurrence and would, furthermore, consider such factors as past competitive records, physical conditions and other significant performance trends that the past selective system neglected completely.

The Olympic Games serve as the testing grounds for the ultimate in athletic competition. Only if the greatest athletes are present can this be realized. The liberal selection system developed by the U.S. Olympic Committee is without question one of the most significant developments in American track and field history and will insure Americans our finest Olympic team in 1964.

DAVID HOWISON

Oxford, Ohio

## ON TARGET

Sirs:

*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is serving a valuable and useful purpose in this time of hysteria by exposing unwise legislation for registration of firearms (*SCORECARD*, Dec. 9).

Indeed, the record shows that areas with the most stringent firearms registration laws, such as New York, frequently if not invariably have the highest incidence of crimes of violence, including those perpetrated by firearms.

Conversely, areas which have no firearms registration statutes frequently if not invariably have the lowest incidence of crimes of violence and the lowest incidence of crimes involving firearms.

I know of no legislation before the Congress to restrict the sacred right of individuals to possess and to use firearms in a lawful manner which would have prevented the tragic death of President Kennedy.

Indeed, the gun which shot the President could have been acquired at a police auction, in a pawnshop, from a local wholesale or retail outlet, by borrowing from a friend, by inheritance from a parent or relative, by importation from a foreign country, through theft from a federal or state armory, by burglary of a store or home, through the small but active traffic in illicit firearms, as a war trophy from abroad or in many other ways which your readers could conceivably imagine.

The fact of the matter is that guns do not kill any more than do automobiles, airplanes, hammers, saws, pocketknives, ax picks, tire irons, kitchen knives, flatirons, ladies' spike heels, caustic soda, poisons, industrial explosives or any other instrumentality. It is the people who use them who bring about the evil.

It should be pointed out that Great Britain, which effectively disarmed its people,

*continued*

## Say it with Sports Illustrated



Another fine day in our Happy Birthday—congratulations!—Good Day!

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## 19TH HOLE

during and preceding World War II found itself faced with the unhappy situation of having to mount its home guard with pitchforks, flails, antique fowling pieces and wooden sticks when Hitler threatened his Operation Sea Lion across the English Channel in the early 1940s.

Certainly these facts should give serious pause to some of the hysterical proponents of antismoking legislation, which so seriously threatens one of our fundamental rights and liberties already being eroded by an expanding population and housing boom.

JOHN D. DINGELL  
U.S. Congressman

Washington

## YO-YO AND A HIGH SEA

Sirs:

Hugh Wall's piece on the Sunfish and Sunfish (*Set a Sail on a Sunfish*, Dec. 16) was a delight to this avid practitioner. But why didn't you show these boats at their two moments of supreme and most exhilarating performance? Sailing these things in a stiff breeze at the edge of the surf line is out of this world, especially if you catch a big roller to the beach and come in like an express train.

The joy of this is exceeded only by planning that out before a 25-to-30-knot wind. When you've got a three-foot rooster tail off the stern and the shore line is zipping by faster than you think possible, there's only one thing to do. Yodel!

HARRIS E. ADRIANCE

Longmeadow, Mass.

## CRYSTAL GAZING

Sirs:

Just how much effort did your basketball staff put forth this year to come up with the quite fictitious "top 20" (*SCOUTING REPORTS*, Dec. 9)? As of December 16, 15 of your top 20 teams had lost at least once with five of those losing twice, and one of those, mind you, losing four. Gentlemen, really? Who thought these predictions up? The San Francisco student body?

However, the blunder that really got under my skin and which you shall yet regret, was the complete snubbing of the Creighton University basketball power. As you observe Creighton playing in the NCAA tournament, you will once again have earned your reward—a second "sinking dead mackerel!"

DAN KIFAN

Omaha

Sirs:

The selection of the University of Texas as the No. 1 football team in the U.S. by both AP and UPI has made *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* the outstanding prophet of 1963.

L. DU WITZ HALL

Corpus Christi, Texas

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Here's where man and Riviera get to know each other



You slide behind the wheel and reach for the stick. It's a bit like sitting in a small plane. In two miles you're aware that before this driving has been pretty uninteresting. We planned it that way. Buick built the Riviera to put some adventure back in driving. You know it first time you corner (the Riviera takes them tight and level, tracking like a Gran Turismo racer). You could guess it just from the way the Riviera looks (the look of a great new international classic car). You and the Riviera should make friends. Get your Buick dealer to let you drive one. He'll let you take it home with you for a lot less than you'd guess.

